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No. III.—Vol. IX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, January 17, 1906 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

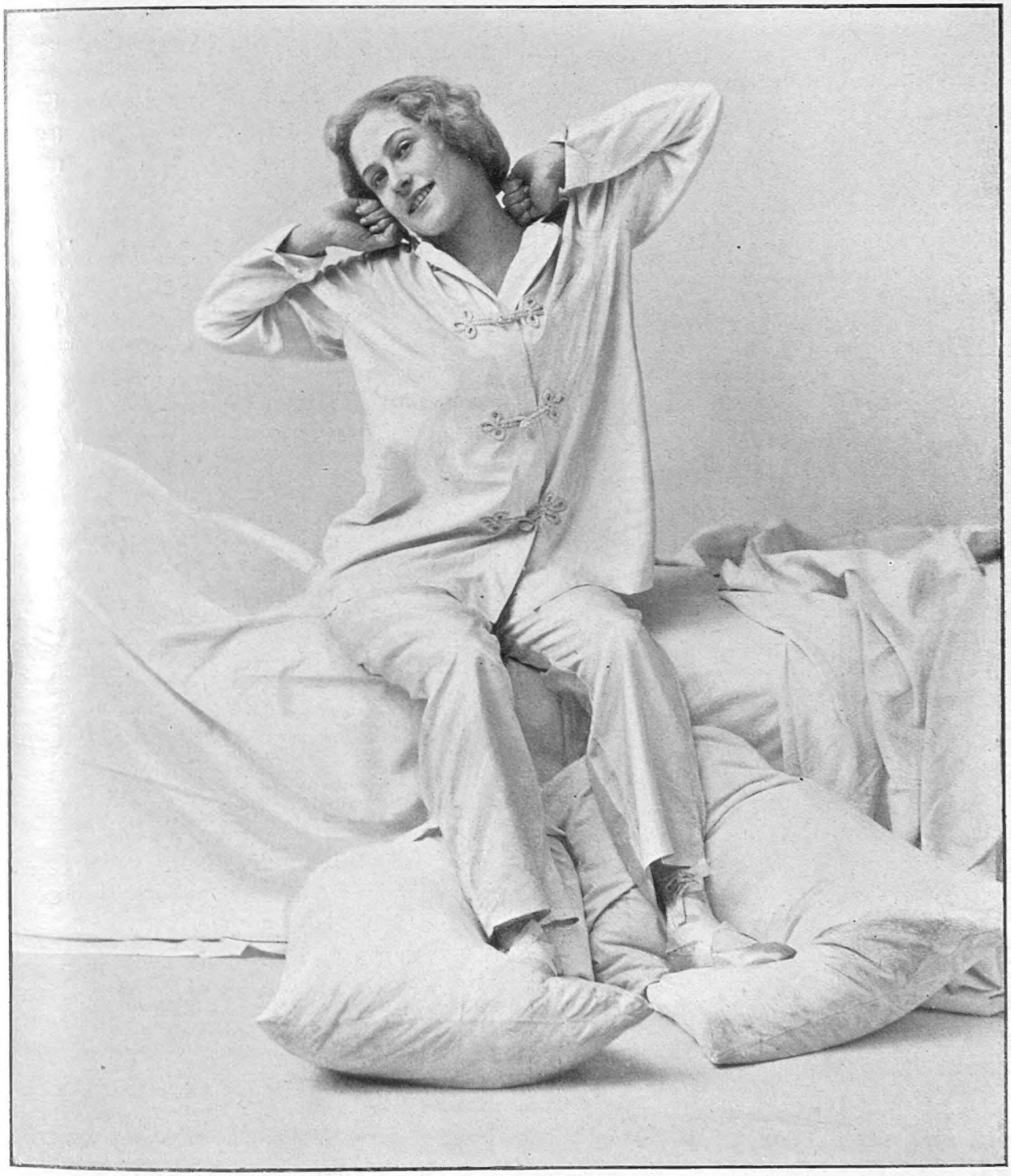

Photo *Ellis and Walery*

Miss Pauline Chase

As one of the merry children in *Peter Pan*, at the Duke of York's Theatre

No. III.—Vol. IX.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"For the White Cockade." By J. E. Muddock. (John Long: 6*s.*)
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"Through the Rain." By Mrs. Hughes-Gibb. (John Long: 6*s.*)
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"Soul Twilight." By Lucas Cleeve. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"The Choice of Emelia." By Adeline Sergeant. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"He That is Without Sin." By George Wingfield. (John Long: 6*s.*)
"A Lost Cause." By Guy Thorne. (John Long: 1*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Elections, Electors, and Elected." By R. G. Webster. (Partridge: 1*s.* net.)
"The Subjection of Women." By John Stuart Mill. Edited by Stanton Coit. (Longmans: 6*d.* net.)
"Joseph Chamberlain, Imperialist." By Murrell Marris. (Routledge: 1*s.*)
"Happiness and Thrift." By Right Hon. Lord Avebury. (Macmillan: 1*s.* net.)
"A Tale of Two Cities." By Charles Dickens. (John Long: 2*s.* net.)

VOL. VIII.

The Bystander

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

THE BYSTANDER'S COMMENTS

London: Wednesday

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By.

January 17, 1906

The L.C.C. steamboat passenger for the week ending January 17 resides at Brixton.

. . . . .

Mr. Cathcart Wason was the other day prevented by a gale from crossing to his constituency, Orkney and Shetland. More than one other Parliamentary candidate, we learn, was at sea at the same time.

. . . . .

The *Daily News* has received a fresh confirmation of its belief in Mr. Balfour's meanness. At Leamington, recently, the Leader of the Opposition, though he referred to a *Daily News* article, admitted that he had obtained his knowledge of it, not after purchasing a copy of the paper, but *from the placards.*

. . . . .

The report that Harland and Wolff, the great shipbuilders, are quitting Belfast for Liverpool, is denied. In Liverpool the story is regarded as a cry of "Wolff."

Our London Letter

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

(*With Apologies to Provincial Contemporaries.*)

There is a persistent rumour that if Parliament should not be opened before February 13, it will not be opened until later.

It is stated that the first piece of legislation to be entered upon by the new Government will deal with Education. I am informed, however, by one who is in the confidence of the Prime Minister, that in the event of the Education Act failing to be first the matter dealt with by the Liberal Ministry, some other question will, in all probability, take precedence.

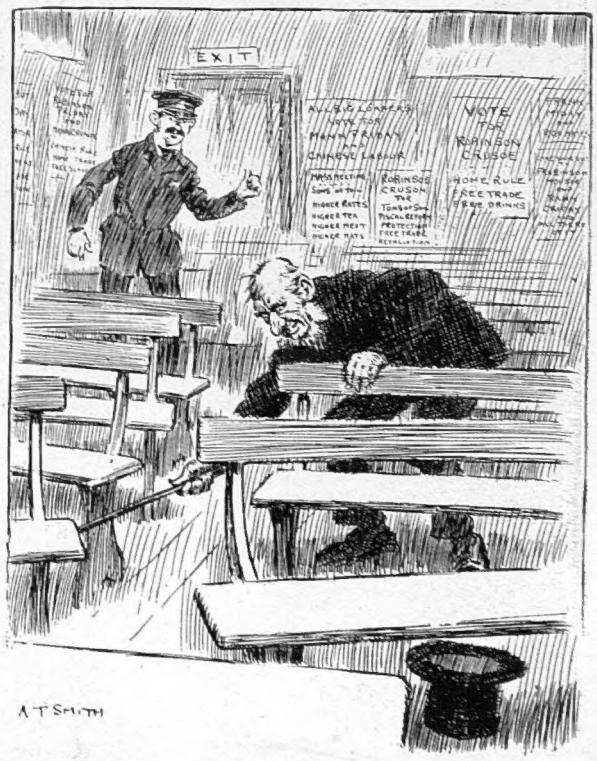
Pleasure, as a result of the Liberal victories at the polls, seems to be general. Amongst officials at the Liberal headquarters, however, who have, of course, exceptional opportunities of judging the strength of parties in the country, there is a feeling that a final Radical victory is only possible in the event of the Conservative party gaining fewer seats than their opponents.

A number of well-known politicians were to be seen about town yesterday. Mr. John Burns was coming out of his house at Battersea, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was noticed crossing Belgrave Square to his house, No. 29. By the way, it is curious, in view of the recent relations between Sir Henry and Lord Rosebery, to note that whereas the Premier's number in Belgrave Square is 29, Lord Rosebery's number in Berkeley Square is 38. I may say . . . (nothing more now, please.—Ed.).

The police are beginning to understand that if a man suddenly, in the public streets, cranes his head skyward and begins to murmur "Dash-dot-dash," or even "Iddy-Umpty-Umpty-Iddy," he is not necessarily intoxicated. He is only trying to realise the *Daily Mail* election results on the Morse system. He may not get them quite right, but it is very good for the muscles of the neck.

. . . . .

What a lot of pleasure would be lost if contributors to papers always thought before they wrote! This pithy reflection is occasioned by reading a suggestion in one of the daily papers that women should henceforward retain their maiden names, attached by a hyphen, in front of their married names. This, it is urged, would prevent them sinking their identity. No doubt it would. It would also—after a few generations—prevent them from being able to sign their names. Take Miss Smith, who marries Mr. Brown. She becomes Mrs. Smith-Brown. Her daughter, Miss Smith-Brown, becomes engaged to the son of Mrs. Green-Robinson (*née* Green). The unfortunate girl suddenly realises that she will shortly have to sign her letters Emily Victoria Smith-Brown-Green-Robinson. Love for Green-Robinson may perhaps compel her to make the sacrifice, but will her daughter ever face the prospect of wedding Major James-Anderson-Marjoribanks-Jones, and calling herself——? But space forbids.



Hall-Keeper: "Now then, guv'nor, hout you go. I'm goin' to turn out the gas"

Irate Country Politician: "All right, young man! I don't want no fishscale reform, nor free trade, nor 'Ome Rule neither, but *I do want my bloomin' 'at!*"

HINTS TO HECKLERS

Some Questions for the Confusion of Candidates

If Mr. Winston Churchill has his father's nose, ought he not to put it back again before taking office? (*N.B.—Nonconformist candidates are generally dumbfounded by this nice point in ethics.*)

Will you please show the genuineness of your enthusiasm for the teaching of sectarian religion in the schools by reciting "The Lord's Prayer"? (*N.B.—A certain "floorer" for Conservative candidates who never say their prayers.*)

If the employé of a teapot-handle manufacturer marries the ninth daughter of a road-sweeper, and their fifth and fourteenth children respectively are unable to make a living wage at the trades of "Coddam" and "Finding-the-lady," would you put twopence on corn? (*N.B.—This must be shouted at the top of the voice to avoid misunderstanding.*)

Will you support a bill for the life confinement of all members of the no-hat brigade? (*N.B.—This question will probably be the occasion of some merriment, and the chairman will wake up.*)

Are you an undogmatic Christain or a denominationalist? (*N.B.—Always has to be repeated and causes infinite amazement.*)

Bearing in mind that Westminster overlooks the Thames, can we send you to Parliament without violating the Rivers Pollutions Act? (*N.B.—Very telling in the case of unwashed Labour candidates.*)

Are you in favour of the amendment of the title of the National Anthem to "God save the taxpayer"? (*N.B.—This must be said distinctly, or the heckler will be ejected for swearing.*)

Can we rely on you, if returned to Parliament, to support the canonisation of Lord Harmsworth? (*N.B.—Church candidates, like Mr. Fred Horner, find this extremely embarrassing.*)

Are you in favour of trams along the Mall? (*N.B.—Important for Battersea electors, since John Burns had to walk to Buckingham Palace.*)

Will the Right Honourable gentleman say, please, if he is in favour of expediting the issue of the Volunteers' new flintlocks? (*N.B.—Highly exasperating to swollen-headed Army "reformers."*)

Do you realise, sir, that in fifty years you will be buried? (*N.B.—Most effective if tried on the new Cabinet Ministers.*)

If you are a free-trader, will you please state your opinion of this French egg? (*N.B.—Exceptional amusement is caused while the decapitated egg is passed round to be sniffed by supporters on the platform.*)

Are you in favour of three-halfpence or more on Ostend rabbits, and why? (*N.B.—This must be asked earnestly and passionately in a deep basso profundo. It makes the candidate stammer.*)

Admiral Togo, attended by geisha, at a garden-party at Taikiokuden

After Togo had made his triumphal entry into the ancient capital of Kyoto, he was entertained by the Municipality at a garden-party at Taikiokuden, where the most accomplished of Kyoto's geisha brought him tea in ceremonial style

The Topictator

A Natural Inference

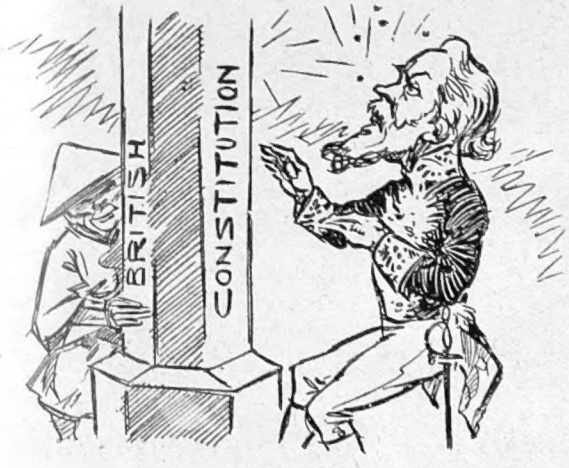
"Well, boy, what d'you want?"
"Oh—er—I thought perhaps you would be able to tell me what a 'whole hogger' is"

The Irrepressible Winston

"I say, I hope you're jolly well grateful to me for taking the fag to contest this seat of yours. You know I could easily get into Parliament without swotting over it. I hope you don't forget that fact"

A Bit of a Frost

A. J. B.: "They didn't either of 'em go down very well, Joe"
J. C.: "Don't talk to me! You and your bogey queered the whole show"



A Bad Start

LORD ELGIN (*loq.*): "Dear me! I never noticed that confounded pillar!"

(*The John Bull characteristics seem to disappear from Englishmen during a General Election.*—DAILY PAPER.)

J. B.: "Look here, Boots, don't call me till this infernal fuss is over"

An Election Bill in the Good Old Days

The following quaint bill hangs up in a room in Burton Agnes Hall, near Bridlington, in Yorkshir , once the home of Sir Mark Somerville, and now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Wickham Boynton. During the time of a contested election in Meath, now some years ago, Sir Mark Somerville sent orders to the proprietor of an hotel in Trim to board and lodge all that should vote for him, for which he received the following :—

"My Bill

"16 April 1826

"To Eating 16 Freeholders above Stairs for Sir Mark at 3*s.* 3*d.* a head is to me £2 : 12

"To Eating 16 more below Stairs and 2 Priests after Supper is to me £2 : 15 : 9

"To Six beds in one room and 4 in another at 2 Guineas a bed and not more than 4 in any bed at any time, Cheap Enough God knows, is to me £22 : 15

"To 18 horses and 5 mules about my yard all night at 13/- every one of them, and for a man which was lost on the head of it, watching them all night is to me £5 : 5

"For breakfast of Tay in the morning for every one of them and as many more as they brought as near as I can guess is to me £4 : 12

"To Raw Whiskey and Punch without talking of Pipes and tobacco as well as for breaking a pot above stairs and other glasses and except for the first day and night, I am not very sure but for the three days and a half of the Election as little as I can call it, and to be very exact it is in all or thereabouts as near as I can guess and not to be too particular is to me £79 : 15

"For shaving and cropping off the heads of the 49 Freeholders for Sir Mark at 13 pence for every head of them by my brother has a wote is to me £2 : 13 : 1

"I don't talk of the Piper for Keeping him Sober as long as he was Sober to me £0

Signed

In the place, Jemmy Cars Wife

Bryan His X Mark Carroty

"£110 : 18 : 7. You may say £111, so your honour Sir Mark send me this eleven hundred by Bryan himself who and I prays always for your success in Trim and no more at present."

. . . . .

It is to be hoped M. Santos Dumont will be dissuaded from attempting to reach the North Pole in a balloon. The existence of M. Santos Dumont is a good deal more valuable than the discovery of the North Pole, which would, by the way, put a good many people out of work. M. Dumont is convinced that in his dirigible balloon he can get there, and he may be right. But it would be infinitely better if somebody else would go in M. Dumont's balloon, leaving M. Dumont to invent another balloon, in case the first didn't come back. Distribution of labour is regarded as the *sine quâ non* of other businesses ; only balloonists seem to find it necessary to do all the work themselves. Or is it that only the man who makes the balloon believes in its dirigibility ?

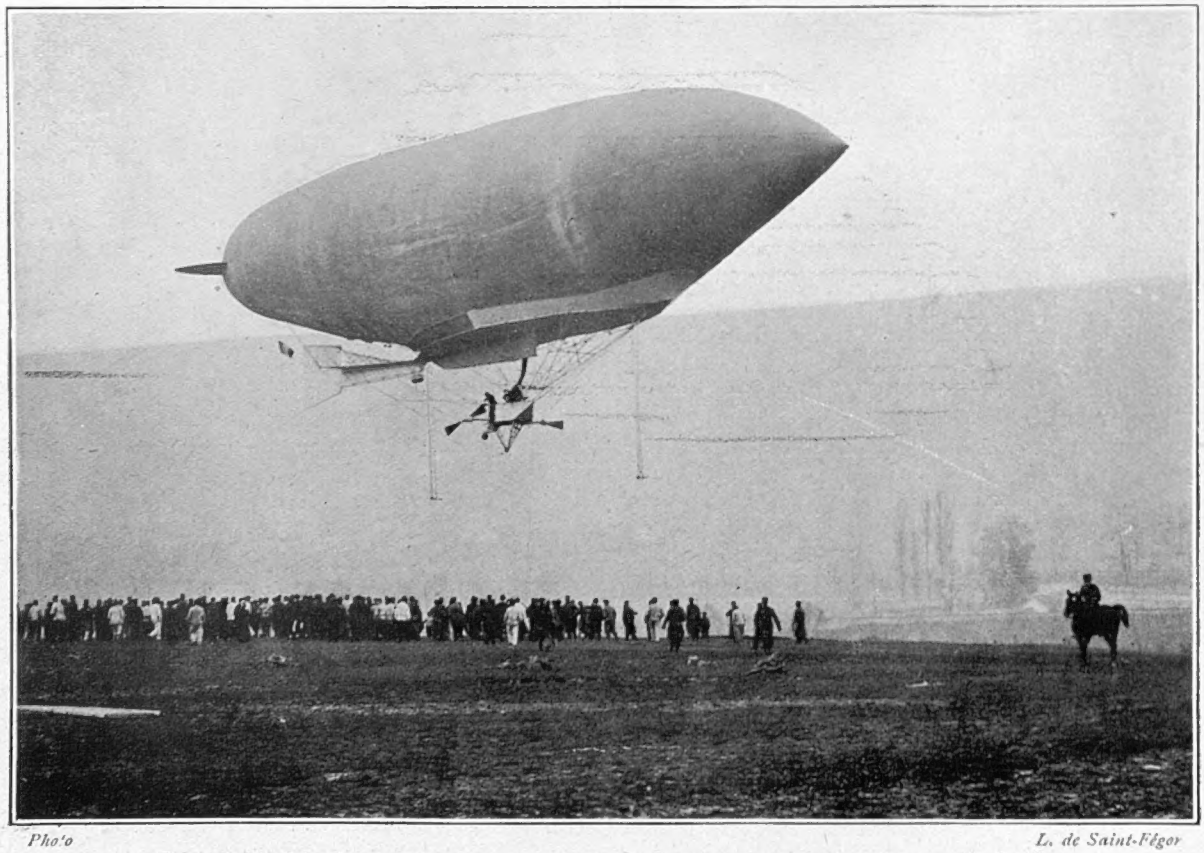


Photo *L. de Saint-Fégor*

The steerable Lebaudy motor-balloon to be used by the French Army for reconnoitring on the frontier

The illu tration shows the balloon at Toul during the trials last week. The balloon is perfectly balanced, and the greatest success attended the bri ging of her to earth gently by means of guide-ropes. Out of eighty ascents already made, one alone was attended by difficulties

Overheard at the Winter Sales

She of the Golden Locks: "But lor' there, ma'am, she'll grow to it"

"My dear Lady Tussle, you look simply exhausted"

"Well, my dear, these bargain sales *are* a bit trying on the customer"

Round the Town

Princess Ena of Battenberg looked, as she always does, beautifully fresh and healthy-looking when she left town with her mother for the Continent the other day. It is a fact, and really a very funny one, that when the announcement of her engagement to the King of Spain was published unofficially in the *Daily Mail* nothing had been settled on either side; in fact, the subject had hardly been approached. A week or two after this very premature announcement, an old friend, himself curious, was questioning and chaffing Princess Ena about it, but all she would say was, "Well, the *Daily Mail* says I am engaged, so I suppose I am."

. . . . .

The elections are hitting the theatres, but even elections do not last for ever, though it seems years since one heard any other topic of conversation

But *Peter Pan* is invulnerable. The crowds who flock to the Duke of York's Theatre may be divided into two classes—those who have seen the piece before and those who have not. This profound reflection, which the unthinking might think was applicable to all the plays in town, is made for the purpose of pointing out the abiding charm of Barrie's piece. You (the reader) can go and see it without any fear of previous illusions being shattered. Unless the departed year of grace 1905 has turned you into a cynic, you will find the adventures of that merry horde of children among the desperadoes of Peter Pan as engrossing as ever. If you turn to the frontispiece of this number you will find Miss Pauline Chase, one of the children in the piece, dressed in her little pink pyjamas. This picture strikes the key-note of the play. It is as maddeningly exciting as a bolster fight.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lord Hugh Cecil

Outside his committee rooms at Greenwich on Saturday

. . . . .

It is agreed upon all sides that Mr. Lewis Waller has got hold of a winner. Hence, *The Harlequin King*, like Ajax, defies the lightning of the elections. The Imperial play suits its actor-manager, and what suits Mr. Waller suits the public.

. . . . .

An interesting item of news is to hand. Mrs. Patrick Campbell has introduced her daughter to the stage with a success which must be very gratifying to both of them. Miss Stella Campbell is playing in her mother's company, and by one who has seen her is declared to be a shining example of the fact so often illustrated on the London stage—that acting runs in a family.

. . . . .

Those who still harbour the old-fashioned taste for picture galleries will find plenty to amuse and inform them at the sixth show of the International Society, now being held at the New. They will be overwhelmed by Rodin's "Baisu," and delighted by Constantine Mennia's statuettes, and they will rather like the English sculpture in the Central Hall.

The International has rather biting lessons for England, however, and shows as plainly as need be that all our later inspirations come from abroad. There are many engaging things here by Englishmen in both sculpture and painting, and yet, with two or three exceptions, it will be owned that they manage these things better where there is Latin blood. The only branch of art in England that can be said to be truly alive is portraiture. Those sort of portraits which the artists paint for their own pleasure and the delight of their craft. There are others shown here, such as the late gifted Robert Brough's "Lord Justice Vaughan Williams" or Sir James Guthrie's "Marquis of Tullibardine"—such are the highly respectable pictures painted to order; but those that will give real pleasure to the lover of art are to be found among such works as the fine "Mrs. Grieffenhagen," by her husband; the "Alethea" of Mr. Lambert; the bold and strained "Baroness A. de Meyer" of Mr. Charles Conder; or Mr. William Nicholson's "Jewelled Bandalore"—in such pictures one sees English artists, almost for the first time in our day, absolutely enjoying themselves, just as the Frenchmen have generally done and Whistler once did.

Election Joke Competition

Last week we invited our readers to contribute to the gaiety of these pages by sending us amusing incidents of the Election Campaign. With deep regret we announce that the guinea offered as a first prize in the Competition has not been earned. Nor do any of the jokes so far received merit the minor rewards of publication, accompanied by a prize of 5*s*. The Competition is still open, and next week we hope to disseminate the joyful tidings that some of our readers have been able to extract the golden ore of humour from the quartz of the campaign. Address jokes as before, in an envelope marked "Election Joke," to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.

"THE BYSTANDER" ELECTION BAROMETER affords the simplest, most handy and most convenient method of following the position of the two parties. It consists of the front cover of "The Bystander," with representations of Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman climbing the poll. The numbers in slip-form are easily adjusted. The card is on sale everywhere, Price ONE PENNY.

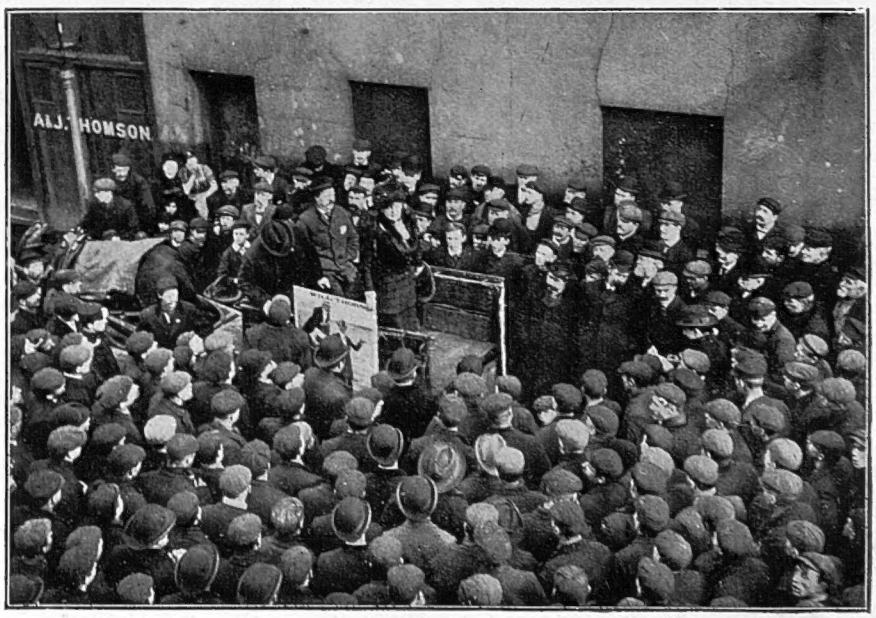
Election Scenes

Mr. Winston Churchill

Seems pleased with his victory in North-West Manchester, and has a smile alike for voters and non-voters—the juvenile element with whom he is very popular

Mr. A. J. Balfour

Accepts his defeat—one of the sensations of the election—in East Manchester in the spirit of philosophic calm



The Countess of Warwick

Addressing a meeting of Labour constituents at East Ham. Lady Warwick has been one of the most strenuous supporters of Labour and Socialism

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

An advertisement appears in a contemporary regarding a proposed sale of what are described as "the cheapest plots in London." Possibly this may be of use to *feuilleton* writers?

. . . . .

There is no escaping from Fashion nowadays. According to the *Daily Mail*, which ought to know, the *chic* mother likes her babies to ride in perambulators that are painted to match her own motor-carriage. It is a charming idea, and useful, too. The parent's motor-man, recognising the family colours, will be careful not to run down that particular perambulator, at any rate, even if nurse has left it standing in the middle of the road. The question is what is to be done by the fond mother who is anxious for her tots not to be out of the mode, but has the misfortune not to possess a motor-carriage of her own? There must be several such mothers round about London.

. . . . .

If for no other reason, the visit of the heir to the throne and his consort would be remarkable, because of the reception which was given them by the native ladies of Calcutta to the Princess the other day. The mysteries of the Zenana are jealously guarded on the Calcutta side, where the Hindoo has not imbibed the liberal views of the West in the matter of domestic life to the same extent as his countryman on the Bombay side. In Bengal, the native lady is very jealously guarded from the vulgar eye of outsiders, and, in fact, never unveils except in the presence of her husband. A public meeting of ladies is therefore something of the most revolutionary nature, and the husbands of Bengal, in allowing their loyalty to over-ride their prejudices, may unconsciously have given the first impetus to the comparative freedom of the family, which, if it comes about, will not be at all a deplorable state of affairs.

. . . . .

The Romans, as is well known, are a people of one idea. Fortunately for them, they are not in the throes of a General Election, and so all classes of society have been able to give their undivided attention to the marriage of Conte Febo Borromeo with Dona Orietta Doria, daughter of Prince and Princess Doria Pamphili, and niece of the Duke of Newcastle. The Church of St. Agnese, in the Circo Agonale, in which the ceremony was performed by Cardinal Rampolla, contains the tomb of Pope Innocent X., and belongs to the Doria family. Princess Doria is one of the most beautiful and cultured women in Rome, but she is only very rarely seen in society, as most of her time is occupied by her children, to whom she is a devoted mother, and to the personal supervision she gives to the many hospitals and schools which the ancient Doria family keeps up.

. . . . .

An interesting engagement which, to quote a contemporary (which evidently thinks these things don't go without saying), "is likely to be followed shortly by a wedding," is that of Miss Alberta Vivian to Captain Ingilby. The pretty and popular maid-of-honour who has so soon

Photo] **A Hindoo lady "at Home"** [*Pereira De Lo d*

At Bengal the women assembled to do honour to the Princess of Wales, but the Hindoos on the Calcutta side were unwilling to break the traditional reserve of the Zenana

A Roman Wedding

followed her twin-sister's example, was walking in the park on Sunday, dressed in petunia, and talking to the gallant Captain about — well, *not* about the General Election.

. . . .

Talking of elections, what would the poor wretched men who are trying to get into Parliament do without women? How dull and boring elections would be if there were no lady-canvassers. According to those gentlemen who so kindly refer to women in the halfpenny papers, all that is necessary in order to become a full-blown woman-canvasser, "engaged in a daily struggle for votes," is a smart hat, an engaging, kiss-the-tradesman's-baby kind of smile, a frilly skirt, and a slight knowledge of politics. As for the last qualification, it would probably be sufficient if the lady-canvasser made quite certain before starting out in the morning, dressed in the aforesaid hat, smile, and frills, that her husband, or whoever she is canvassing for, is either a terrific champion of Mr. Chamberlain or a nervous upholder of Sir Henry. I cannot imagine what part the frills are intended to play—except, perhaps, to fascinate the open-mouthed audience as the lady ascends the platform to harangue them — and I wonder whether the lady who "charmed hostile audiences," crowded 2,000 people into a hall which only holds 800 souls, and reduced an enthusiastic young reporter almost to tears by her eloquence, carried out this part of the campaign. Miss Dorothy Hunter, when speaking at Chichester, we are told, was dressed "tastefully, but not ostentatiously. She wore a green picture hat, with beaver fur, and a white satin blouse. There was no jewellery and no display." Her voice rang like a clarion through the hall, and the British working-man, evidently mollified by the absence of display, listened enraptured, though it appears that one of them did so far forget himself as to mumble that "women's places was in their 'omes."

. . . .

The election, too, is the excuse for many a country house-party which otherwise would not take place. Some, however, are in a higher cause! The one last week at Howell, to celebrate the coming-of-age of the Hon. O. R. Windsor-Clive, was an exceptionally delightful one. Lord Windsor's son made some very neat little speeches in acknowledging the many beautiful presents received from relations, friends, and tenants. It is said that his mother and Lord Plymouth are very glad of the holiday the latter being no longer in office gives them. Lady Plymouth was once a member of the "Souls," and numbers among her great friends

Photo *Le Lieure*

Princess Orietta Doria Pamphili

Who was married last week to Count Borromeo. The Countess is a niece of the Duke of Newcastle

AN ENGAGEMENT JUST ANNOUNCED

Photo *H. W. Barnett*

Miss Alberta Vivian, Maid of Honour

Photo *Stephanie Maud*

Captain Ingilby, Scots Guards

The Fourth Party

Photo Beresford
The Hon. O. R. Windsor-Clive
For whose coming-of-age Howell was *en fete* last week

Lady Elcho and Lady Granby. She is very nice-looking, dresses artistically, and is devoted to the care of her gardens, which, at both of her places, are the pride of the country-side.

. .

Monday, the 15th inst., saw the birth o the new Liberal daily, the *Tribune*, owned by Mr. Franklin Thomasson, which, by this time, will have been devoured and criticised by an eager capital. To think that we should have lived to the day when it should be with a sense of superiority that a journal advertised itself "price one penny." Yet there is no question that to-day, as the *Tribune* has fully proved, that price on a morning journal is more or less a guarantee of the "grand manner" in journalism. Whether or not that repays the extra halfpenny is for the reading public to decide.

. . . . .

While the General Election commands the activities of the body politic, the interest of the mind political has of late been more or less diverted to the mid-eighties. First came Mr. Winston Churchill's paternal biography to absorb the political student; then, a few days later, "The Fourth Party," by Harold Gorst. This volume is another filial tribute to a father, for one of the leading members of the "Fourth Party"—they were all leading members—was Sir John Gorst, the author's distinguished parent. Perhaps the most interesting personal item in a fascinating work is the description of the origin of the famous *Vanity Fair* cartoon, which we here reproduce:—

Mr. Franklin Thomasson
Proprietor of *The Tribune*, the new Liberal daily paper

The members of the Fourth Party arrived together at Mr. Leslie Ward's studio in the best of spirits. Each was anxious to impress upon the artist the foibles and idiosyncrasies of his friends, in order that they might be made the subject of caricature. Lord Randolph was urged to twist his moustache after his characteristic fashion; willing hands tilted Sir Henry Wolff's hat well over his eyes; it was generally insisted that Mr. Gorst should stroke his beard in the contemplative fashion to which the House had become accustomed; and no efforts of attenuation on Mr. Balfour's part would satisfy his colleagues. Mr. Ward had carefully studied his subject in the House of Commons, and was anxious to reproduce a typical pose. He begged the Fourth Party to throw itself into the business heart and soul. Thereupon Lord Randolph Churchill, always ready to enter into the humour of a situation, commenced delivering a mock speech with a great deal of overdone energy. No bench being available,

Lord Randolph Churchill Mr. Balfour Sir Henry Wolff Mr. Gorst

THE FOURTH PARTY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF "VANITY FAIR" AND MACMILLAN AND CO.

Knaresborough—Town and Title

Two views of the beautiful old Yorkshire town of Knaresborough

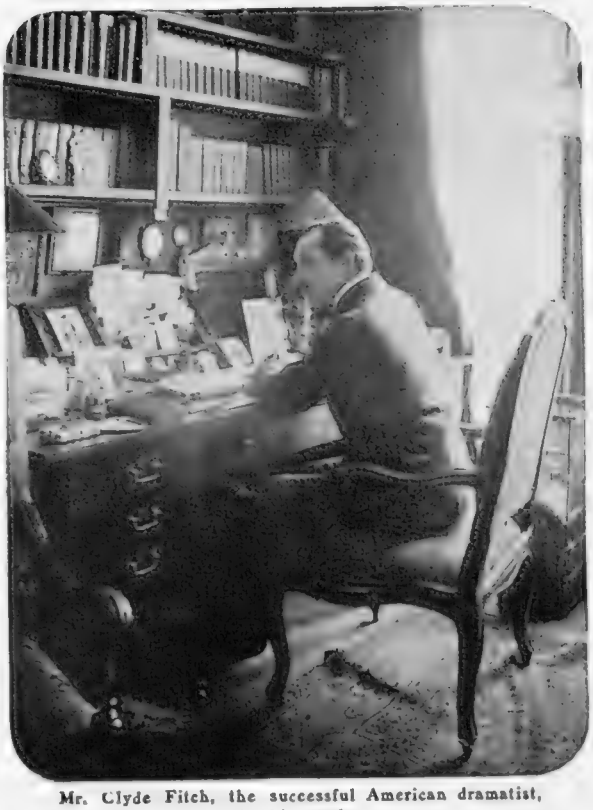
The chief features of historic interest in Knaresborough are the church (restored 1872), containing interesting Slingsby monuments, remains of a castle (1170) in which Richard II. was imprisoned, and St. Robert's Cave, where Eugene Aram buried his victim in 1745

Sir H. Meysey Thompson

Who has taken the title of Lord Knaresborough, to the intense annoyance of the inhabitants, who argue that the new Peer has no connection with their town

Mr. Clyde Fitch at Home

the rest of the party took up their respective positions in ordinary chairs; and Mr. Ward well remembers the unsuccessful efforts that were made to discover a piece of furniture capable of accommodating the peculiar sprawl which Mr. Balfour's partners insisted that he ought to adopt. In the end, in fact, the future Prime Minister's attitude necessarily became a work of imagination rather than a study from real life.



Mr. Clyde Fitch, the successful American dramatist, in his study

The Profits of Playmaking

When a man has written half a dozen successful plays it may fairly be said of him that he has "arrived." What shall be said of one who has written eighteen successful plays, and who can walk a town of the magnitude of New York and read his name in bold type upon the posters of three theatres? Whatever is said of such an one may be said of Mr. Clyde Fitch, the American dramatist. It is not considered delicate in England to refer to the monetary profits of an artist, so we will, an it please you, adopt for the nonce the bluff American way of looking upon the almighty dollar. It is pleasant to think that play-writing is occasionally as profitable a game as soap-boiling. Certainly but few soap-boilers can hope to compete with Mr. Fitch in the expensive business of furnishing a house. Mr. Fitch's New York house is, upon the authority of one who has enjoyed the privilege of visiting it, a veritable museum. His knowledge of ancient art is on a par with his knowledge of modern artifice; his judgment is unerring as well upon the points of a piece of statuary as upon the foibles of the modern New York woman. I say New York woman advisedly, for it is when dealing with the amiable weaknesses

Photos] Mr. Clyde Fitch and Miss Viola Allen [*Byran, N.Y.*

Mr. Fitch's latest play, *The Toast of the Town*, a comedy of manners of the time of George IV., was produced by Miss Allen in New York this season

The Profits of Playmaking

A vista of reception rooms in Mr. Clyde Fitch's beautiful New York house

Photos *Eyran, N.Y.*

Mr. Fitch's New York house, for all that it is a veritable museum of *objets de vertu*, is cheery and comfortable

The Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House

of this feminine cosmopolitan that Mr. Fitch is at his best. I prophecy a time when Mr. Fitch will enjoy a boom in London. *The Climbers*, *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and *The Last of the Dandies*, are not representative of his best work. He has written comedies of manners which appeal irresistibly to the public for which he caters. The New Yorker, after witnessing a play by Mr. Fitch, leaves the theatre chuckling at the resemblance between some characters on the stage and the hostess with whom he has an appointment to dine. Mr. Fitch has succeeded in writing eighteen successful plays by the simple process of taking actual human beings for his models. The British-born would-be dramatist might hold the mirror up to his acquaintances. Then, possibly, there would be fewer plays of American and Continental origin.

. . . .

This year the maker of pantomime books was confronted with a serious problem. The political market was in such a troubled state that the unhappy librettist was enjoined by his manager to cut out all political gags.

The game was too risky, as no one could tell which way the cat would jump. Hence the pantomimes this year are distinguished by the absence of those catchy allusions and verses which always raised a storm—of cheers or hisses. But the librettist has been unable to do away altogether with the political gag. In a trying situation, he has effected a compromise. Certain politicians, such as Mr. Burns and Mr. Chamberlain, have been recognised as too prominent to be altogether ignored. It is sad to see the fall of a popular idol. Sadness must have settled upon the theatre-goer who has made the rounds of the suburban pantomimes, for this year the fact must have been borne upon him that the reception of "Joey's" name has been decidedly mixed.

. . . . .

In fairness it must be recorded that a Drury Lane first-night audience went solid for Mr. Chamberlain; on the outskirts of town it was otherwise. It would be interesting to have the views of a Dame, an Ugly Sister, or a Dandigny upon the different effects produced by allusions to the Fiscal Question and its notable Reviver upon different nights. There must be an element of excitement even to a hardened comedian in uttering a line which may be received either with boos or cheers. With sadness it must be chronicled that "Joey" is not the pantomime favourite he was once upon a time. There has been upon occasions a diffidence on the part of the comedian uttering the "Joey" gag impossible to mistake. This diffidence can only have been bred by a series of unkind receptions. The fact that the Fiscal Question can never—like the Khaki defenders of the Empire—be draped in heroic garb, is not sufficient explanation of this state of affairs. On occasions, numerous enough to form a basis for a forecast in the slapdash and picturesque fashion of the *Daily Mail*, "Joey's" name has roused the ire of the "gods." So THE BYSTANDER is led, with mingled feelings, to the conclusion that the Unionist ship will break up on the Fiscal rock. This fine metaphor is presented to Liberal electioneering agents with every copy of this issue.

Photo *Annie Bell*

The Lord Mayor, and his grandson, Master Hornby-Steer, in the costume of Edward VI.

. . . .

Politics are the darling fashion of the hour, and even the children have not escaped. At the Children's Fancy Dress Ball at the Mansion House the other night, the little nephew of Miss Annie Hughes, was cheered enthusiastically as "Mr. John Burns." Whether his fashionably late arrival contributed to this reception or not is uncertain, but he certainly, as far as popularity went, ran Master Hornby-Steer, the Lord Mayor's grandson, as "King Edward VI.," very close indeed. One of the illustrations shows Master Hornby-Steer in character. He looked such a dear little chap, and his costume, very correct in detail, was evidently suggested by the fact that his grandfather, the Lord Mayor, was educated at Christ's Hospital, which was, of course, founded by King Edward VI.

. . . . . .

It is pleasant to find a theatrical "Star" who is content not to out-twinkle her Company. Time and again actors and actresses in the front rank in America and on the Continent have come to London with the very feeblest support, under the impression, apparently, that their own talents are the more set off. Everyone knows that this is a fallacy, as it is impossible to do justice to a fine scene unless all the acting is on the same high level. Weaken their support, and the greatest actor and actress can do

A Celebrity Caricatured

Mme. RÉJANE

DRAWN BY H. W. THORPE

A Lucullan Banquet

nothing with such a scene. Mme. Réjane's support, including such talented players as Mlle. Marcelle Lender, Mlle. Suzanne Avril, and M. Pierre Magnier, is worthy of her own powers Indeed, their distinguished acting serves to emphasise an uncomfortable impression, difficult to shake off, that Mme. Réjane broadens her effects for an English public. It would appear as though she had fallen into the temptation to create laughter by facial display, snorts, and comic gestures, to make up for the apathy with which the finer points of the play are received. Subtle points are necessarily lost on an English audience, which can only follow the play, as it were, in the rough. So the actress is tempted to get some of her own back by mannerisms, the purport of which is easily followed, even by those not conversant with the language. I may be doing Mme. Réjane a great injustice by supposing that she alters, even unconsciously, her performance for an English public, but this is an honest impression

. . . . .

The "Jap" dinner at Princes' has happened at last, though a little late, perhaps. It is, of course very nice that, at any time, thirty people should eat

Photo *Bassano*

"Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush" at St. James's Theatre

Miss May Harvey (Annie), **Mr. A. F. Thomson** ("Wee Posty"), **Mr. Sydney Brough** (Tammas Mitchell)

TAMMAS: "What are you doing? Hold on there"

together in a room with walls hidden in banks of flowers, under a ceiling covered with Japanese lanterns, on a table strewn with blossoms and miniature trees, and that they should be served by Jap-c'ad waiters and little Geisha girls, but to have been fully effective it had better have been done at the psychological moment of the sinking of the Russian fleet. We understand that, as a counterblast to the "Jap" dinner, a Russian dinner is being meditated. Thirty guests will sit down in a room decorated with imitation snow and ice. Everybody will wear their motor-coats, and be bound in iron chains. Waiters will

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

Luxury in London

A costly Japanese dinner-party at Princes'

be attired as bears. Every now and again, an imitation bomb (charged only with confetti) will burst over the heads of the diners. A Cossack charge will be arranged between the joint and the sweets, and a knouting will enliven the dessert stage. The guests will partake of coffee and liqueurs in an imitation cell in St. Peter and St. Paul. No conversation will be allowed whose words do not alternately end in "ski" and "off," and the names of the guests will be Russianised out of all possible recognition by Mr. Bourchier's "eager halfpenny paragraphist."

. . . . .

The actors at the St. James's Theatre make brave efforts to appear at home in the Kailyard School, and they deserve more success than they actually achieve. The melancholy fact is that there is a large section of the public which considers the Kailyard the fount of mawkish sentimentality, and which loathes the sight of the Scots dialect on written page and the sound of it on the tongue. Mr. A. F. Thomson gets into the skin of "Wee Posty"—indeed the play would be dreary without him—and Mr. Sydney Brough is most amusing as the enormous plethoric Tammas.

THE BYSTANDER.

Three Pretty Maids

IN "PARISIANA," AT THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE

At the Fête de Neuilly

Parisiana lives up to its title in being a typically French ballet. There is wonderful verve and dash about the whole performance, particularly the final scene depicting the Fête de Neuilly, with its playful pierrots and pierrettes, and merry masqueraders

America Solves the Physical Standard Problem

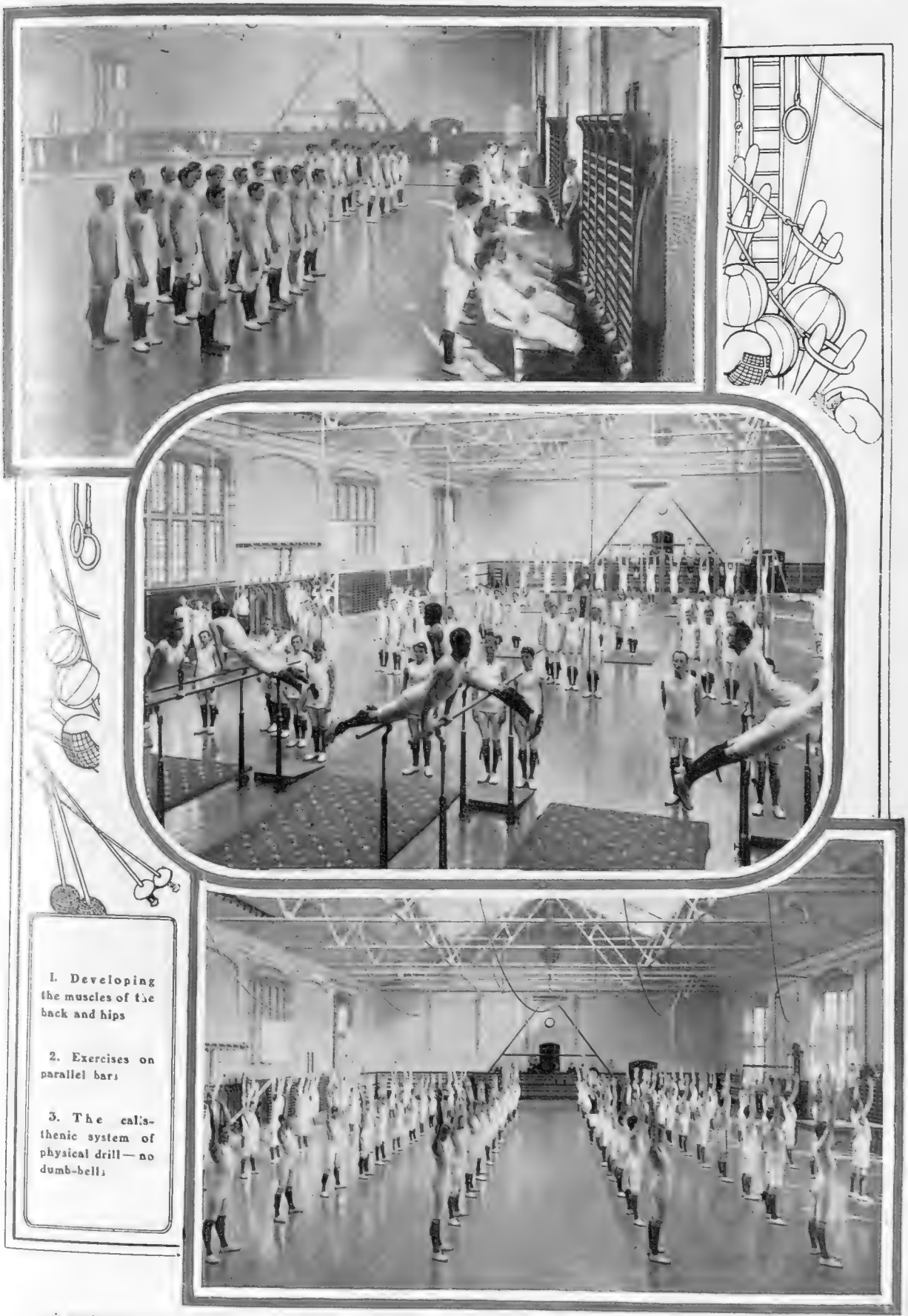
1. Follow my leader round the "gridiron" (football field)

2. Horizontal bars and wrestling bouts

3. A race which trains the eye to quickness

The photographs on these two pages illustrate the manner in which America looks after the physical standard of the rising generation. At "Penn." gymnastic training of the most scientific kind is compulsory. Each class is given an hour's systematic exercise each day. All students must attend, as they do lectures. A preliminary examination—

Compulsory "Gym." at Pennsylvania University



1. Developing the muscles of the back and hips

2. Exercises on parallel bars

3. The calisthenic system of physical drill — no dumb-bells

—is made of each student, and exercise prescribed fitting his case. Then he must be on hand at the gymnasium when the class for which those particular exercises are prescribed is being drilled. Only cripples are exempt, and even these may have special exercises if they are willing

FROM ABROAD.

The Luscious Fruits of Singapore

Singapore is the latest of the Colonies to adopt pushful methods in drawing the Mother Country's attention to its products. Some time next month, there is to be held in London an exhibition of the fruits grown in our East Indian settlement, and a highly interesting show it promises to be, for Singapore, possessing a uniform and moderately moist climate, has a wealth of verdant fields and plantations, and produces almost every kind of known fruit, with a good deal besides that are quite unknown to most Britons. An idea of the varied produce of the island can best be gained from a glance at the photograph below, in which some specimens are set side by side. The pine-apple, orange, and lemon are there, but in what strange company! What is the durian, the jack-fruit, the Rambutan and the Pumbaloo, specimens of which are seen below? Their names are reminiscent of some of the nonsense-books of the last Christmas publishing season, but we have every hope that, when the moment comes for sampling them, they will prove as palatable as they sound. Now that the pineapple season is in full swing in London, and the fruiterer and his humbler brother, the coster, are displaying specimens at prices of from threepence upwards, it is interesting to take a pictorial peep at the land whence they come—Singapore—a pineapple plantation in which, in full radiant bloom, is seen opposite. It may be noted that Singapore sent us in the last twelve recorded months some 448,000 cases of preserved pineapple, valued at two and a half million dollars.

The Earthquake in Nicaragua

When the Governments of Central American States, perchance, are not in a state of convulsion, Nature usually supplies the defect by some little example of her own cataclysmic art. Nicaragua having been quiet for some little time, Mount Momotomba, an active volcano, has thought it quite time to enliven things a bit. Accordingly, on Thursday, the 4th inst., it burst into terrific flame, shaking the country round for fifty miles. The chief sufferer appears to have been the capital town of Managua, a picture of which we are publishing on page 128, which has been considerably shaken, with loss of life.

Some novelties in fruits from Singapore

The Singapore Government, following the example in Coronation year of Canada, will, next month, exhibit some fruits in London, of which the above are specimens

The Home of the Cheap Pineapple

A field in Singapore, where London's cheap pineapples come from

Pineapples are now in season, and may be bought in the streets of London for a few pence each. For the fact that this kind of food, at any rate, costs us less, we are indebted to Singapore, one of whose pineapple plantations is seen above

Morocco Conference—Nicaraguan Earthquake

The Reina Christina Hotel, Algeciras
Where many of the members of the International Missions will stay during the Morocco Conference

"Gib," from Algeciras
Algeciras was rebuilt by Spain in 1760, to "spy the doings of *perfida Albion*" at the rock opposite

The Morocco Conference

It is amusing to recall that the modern city of Algeciras, soon to be the scene of an acute Franco-German diplomatic duel over Morocco, owes its existence to Spain's desire for a watch-tower to "spy the doings of *perfida Albion*." The shoe is now very much off this particular foot. *Albion*, now no longer "*perfida*," goes to Algeciras—or rather, sends Sir Arthur Nicolson there—to help Spain and France to combat the designs of quite another Power. Algeciras is much put to it to find hotel accommodation for her numerous guests.

How to Reach the Riviera—Night Travelling Avoided

Visitors to the Riviera this season are to be congratulated on the opportunity which is now afforded them of reaching Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, etc., comfortably, quickly, and economically, by the joint services of the Brighton Railway of England and the Ouest and P.L.M. Railways of France. Passengers who elect to travel through without break of journey should take a 1st Class ticket and travel out by the Brig[hton] Company's 10.0 a.m. service from Victoria, reaching Pari[s] Lazare at 6.40 p.m. or Paris-Lyon at 8.10 p.m., th[e] corridor-lavatory carriages being run direct from D[ieppe] to Paris-Lyon alongside the departure platforms for the S[outh], the drive across Paris being avoided. The Rapide leaves [Paris-]Lyon at 9.20 p.m. and is composed of 1st Class cor[ridor] lavatory carriages and sleeping cars. Cannes is reach[ed] about 1.0 p.m. the next day, Nice at 2.10 p.m., and Monte [Carlo] and Mentone at about 3.0 p.m., the total journey from L[ondon] to Nice occupying twenty-eight hours. The programm[e] the journey which commends itself to those who wish to [avoid] a night spent in travel *en route* is to leave London [by the] 10.0 a.m. service, registering all heavy baggage thro[ugh] destination, stopping the night in Paris (the Hotel Ter[minus] adjoins the Gare St. Lazare), and taking advantage of th[e] Côte d'Azur Express, which leaves Paris-Lyon at 9.0 a.m. [next] week-day. Reaching Nice at 10.50 p.m. the same d[ay]. whole journey from London is thus made without a[ny] being spent in the train. The Brighton Company issue a Circular Tourist Ticket for the Riviera, available sixty [days] at £10 10*s.* 6*d.* 1st Class, enabling one to visit the whole Riviera Coast from Marseilles to Genoa.

A capital severely shaken by earthquake
A street in Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, which has been considerably shaken by a volcanic eruption and earthquake, with a loss of life

Island for Sale—Apply John Bull!

A view in Fanning Island, which Britain wishes to sell

After seventeen years of continuous occupation, Britain has decided to abandon Fanning Island to a purchaser. It is a coral island in the Pacific, fifteen square miles, and was formally annexed by us in 1888 for cable-laying uses, but the Government has now decided to give it up, and has advertised it for sale in several American newspapers

EARLY MORNING ON

RIVIERA: EZE, NEAR NICE

The Connoisseur

LOWESTOFT CHINA

For many years past the shop-windows of the dealer in pseudo antiques have contained vast quantities of a certain class of ware which he has called, with more humour than truth, "Old Lowestoft." This production has confused, and also, we believe, delighted, many an amateur who was feeling his way among the quicksands and traps that beset the way of the neophyte in ceramic things. This "Old Lowestoft" of the dealers, which has reigned so long and flourished like the green bay tree, was the pure invention of some skilful French potter, who manufactured this sort of thing, gave it age, adorned it with heraldic bearings—usually of the ducal house of Norfolk—and created a market for it. Very few modern collections, made by ladies with the view of adding an air of culture to their favourite rooms, are free from examples of this base deception.

Amiable Deceptions

Not that the pieces themselves are unpleasant; sold at their proper prices, they are often well made, well shaped, and fairly decorated examples of a commonplace modern French china-ware. The point is that hitherto they have been sold as Old Lowestoft, and thus given an entirely false idea of the productions which are entitled to bear that name. Of late years the English eighteenth-century manufacture of hard and soft porcelains has been submitted to the most severe and scientific inquiry. Every tiny fact that can be collected has been treasured and dwelt upon. The researches of such well-known writers as Professor Church, Mr. Burton, Mr. Solon, and Mr. Bemrose—to mention only a few—have proved invaluable, and many facts in connection with English ceramics have been brought to light. Of late, various papers have been written on the china of Lowestoft, the very existence of which was at one time doubted by inquirers. Such collections as that at the British Museum, and such notes on the subject as will be found in the catalogue, are helpful in this matter; but the fullest and most valuable addition to the subject is now before us in the volume just published by Messrs. Jarrold, "Lowestoft China," by Mr. W. W. R. Spelman—an indefatigable and enthusiastic student of the question at first hand. This book will prove of great use to the collector of this particularly interesting — if not always beautiful — English porcelain, for the author's facts are proved as he goes, and he possesses no illusions.

Mr. Spelman's Book

Mr. Spelman is not content with giving us the result of his historical researches on the site of the old pottery and the harvest of his inquiries, local and far afield, but he adds to this information an attempt to guide his readers in deciding what *is* Lowestoft china when they see it. Every collector wants to know a short cut to the paradise of a perfect cabinet. Every writer on connoisseur subjects is anxious to provide these aids to happiness, but he knows in his heart that the royal road is only to be gained by long years of experience and disappointments, mistakes, victories, regrets, fortunate happenings and enduring patience, and constant good humour.

E. M.

Types of "Lowestoft" milk jugs

Figure 1 bears a crescent mark, but is absolutely different from either Worcester or Caughley—both of which factories used the crescent

(From "Lowestoft China," by Mr. W. W. R. Spelman)

OUR SERIES OF WORLDLY SHORT STORIES—No. 6.

A MODERN CRIME

By MAARTEN MAARTENS

> "Let the great book of the world be your principal study."
> —*Chesterfield.*

THE Court was crowded. The murder—or rather, the murderer—had attracted unusual interest from the first.

"From the first" is not the most correct way to put it. There had been two dramatic departures in the public development of the tragedy; the mysterious crime, and then, when the unknown perpetrator had been identified, the still far more mysterious criminal.

A lady, walking in the "People's Park" of the city had been stabbed in the back of the neck, apparently with a pocket-knife, and left to die. That was the news which, some six months ago, the appreciative newspapers had flashed all over the country. The country had responded with a thrill, many thrills. The corpse was soon identified as that of a highly respectable member of the community. All attempts at pleasing scandals, in the true reporter's vein, went to pieces—there was no clue, absolutely no clue, to the assassin; there was no reason, absolutely no reason, for the deed. The body had not been robbed. The horror-struck relatives could explain nothing; there simply was no explanation. Such a thing might happen to anyone, then, to you or to me, at any time! In the public gardens, with loiterers scattered about everywhere, at bright noonday, down a quiet path! People trembled in their arm-chairs, and asked: Had the police no information—not yet?

No information at all. And then, as usual, after a day or two, something—very little—just a starting-point. A child that had been playing in the bushes at the time came forth, terrified, with a vague description of the man who had struck. A young man, frail, with fair hair, and a lurch in his walk. He had come up behind the lady, and the child had seen the lady fall. That was all. No further

The above story is the sixth of a Series of Worldly Stories, which will be published weekly until further notice.

Our next week's story will be "The Lees of Life," by Dion Clayton Calthrop

(All rights strictly reserved)

description. The child had not seen the features nor noticed the clothes. The relatives of the deceased were as much at a loss as ever. They knew—they were certain—of no man with a "lurch."

A large reward was offered. The case looked hopeless. The quieter parts of the park were deserted—for a week or so. People complained, saying it was quite unreasonable, in this case, to complain of the police

Before a fortnight had elapsed a police-inspector, on other matters intent, crossed in the public street a youth with a "lurch," and suddenly, inexplicably, stopped him. "You're the man," he said, and conveyed him to the police station. On arrival there, the youth, who had at first kept silence, said, "I am."

The youth, whose name was Morans — Louis Morans—could give an accurate description of his action on that fatal Tuesday, but no explanation. He liked to give the description, volubly, over and over again. He had come up behind the lady and killed her. He could not say why he had killed her. He had never seen her before. He had come up and killed her like this.

No wonder, then, that the case, from its very emptiness of incident, excited especial curiosity. The young man was placed under observation. The great psychologists and psychiaters—the criminal pathologists—were turned loose on him. After six months they declared they were ready, and the trial began.

During that period the Public Prosecutor had not sat still. He had worked hard, day by day, to meet the psychists. He foresaw the twist they were going to take; he must be ready, if possible, to untwist. He was known as a conscientious, painstaking man. "But slow," said the psychics.

When the day came, the Court was crowded. Everyone was anxious to get a glimpse of this murderer who murdered he didn't know why, and to hear what the mental specialists would have to say about him. There is nothing so interesting as the human soul. Even the mad-doctors cannot alter that.

The experts handed in lengthy written *exposés*. These were read and listened to, in all their abstruseness, with half-hearted interest. It was the *vivâ voce* examination, by the presiding judge, which made everybody sit up and bend forward, everybody except the accused, who remained sunk in apathy, head well down on his breast, detached from all around, unless they allowed him to describe how he had done the murder. "I came up behind the lady, whom I had never seen before, and I, etc."

It was Professor Geckert, the great psycho cerebrist, the immensest living authority on psycho-anything, whose opinion was awaited, by all the hundreds there, by all the millions outside, as decisive. He knew it, felt it, showed it, as he walked into the foreground, his natural place in our scientific day—his countenance, his step, the contemptuous wave of his long arm were science incarnate. The Public Prosecutor had submitted that the accused was conscious of, and responsible for, his action. The Professor turned upon the shrewd-faced Public Prosecutor a cold and scientific eye.

"You consider that the accused, Louis Morans, is not responsible?" asked the presiding judge. That red-skinned and rather bucolic legal luminary gazed with modern respect upon the great Professor.

"I consider him not responsible," said Geckert in solemn tones.

"Will you kindly explain to us your scientific position!" said the President insinuatingly.

"The accused is a Mattoid——"

"Pardon me," said the presiding judge, "he was born in this country."

"I mean that he is an abnormal type——"

"Physically?" put in one of the other judges, a little, quick man with a hump.

"No; physically he is entirely normal."

"I beg the Court to take a note of that," put in the nervous Public Prosecutor.

"Entirely normal," repeated Geckert, with a quiet smile at the Prosecutor, "but physically he is a—what we call a degenerate. His actions are, not unconscious, but automatic, independent of his will.'

"All his actions?" asked the President. There was a titter from somewhere among the audience, angrily suppressed.

"No, not all his actions," replied the Professor, with slight, unscientific heat.

"Only those he selects as such," suggested the Prosecutor, his lip trembling with scorn.

"Hush!" said the President.

"Only those *I* select as such," replied the Professor triumphantly. His "*I*" seemed to swell and fill the building. All felt the tremendous power of the man.

He addressed the presiding judge. "The accused," he said, "acts under the influence of what we scientists call 'Zwangsvorstellungen'—there is no exact equivalent in any language to that admirable German term—Dominant Idea, if you like—I should rather say 'Compellant Conception.' That is the definition I have tried to introduce. A Compellant Conception."

"Let us call it a Compellant Conception," said the presiding judge courteously.

"Outside the sphere of these ideas he behaves as normally as anyone, as normally, if I may venture to say so, as the Public Prosecutor or as myself. But within that sphere he is will-less, un-willed." (There was a general rustle of approbation: a good expression that—"un-willed"!) "He cannot act otherwise than he now acts, powerless to explain what he has done, because he never reasonably willed to do it."

"Wished to do it?" proposed the Prosecutor.

"Willed," repeated the Professor, with precision. "Surely that is an elementary distinction." He almost lost his temper for a moment, as he was apt to do with the stupider lads of his class.

"Quite so," said the presiding judge, marking the words with his fingers. "He did not will to do it, but he wished to do it. Yes that sounds reasonable."

"No, no!" cried the irritated Geckert. "He did not wish to do it, but he willed to do it—that is to say, his will acted automatically. I am using the word 'will,' of course, in its technical sense."

"I think we must have that again," put in the hunchbacked little judge, who had been scribbling eager notes. "He didn't will to do it, but he wished—or did you say, was wished?"

"Willed, willed," corrected the presiding judge, cocksure for the moment, and therefore contemptuous, "but of course you must remember that 'will' is here used in the technical sense."

"What technical sense?" asked, suddenly, a pale judge with a bored look, speaking for the first time. There was a bench of them, judges all, no jury.

"The sense of a technical term, of course," snapped the President. "A term in psychology."

"Psychopathy!" cried the Professor, white with indignation. "A will within the individual, independent entirely of the individual's individual will, induces him to commit an action which otherwise he would never desire to commit. That is what we call a Zwangsvorstellung."

"A Compellant Deception," said the President, nodding his head.

"Conception," corrected Geckert, "and so——"

"It used to be called," said the weary judge, with his lazy eyes on the roof, "being possessed."

The Professor flung him a glance of unspeakable scorn. "And so, as you will have perceived"—(there was a touch of doubt in this; could they "perceive"?)—"the subject perpetrates deeds which can bring him no comprehensible pleasure, only annoyance, or even pain. That is a strong point."

The Public Prosecutor nodded assent.

"And, even if it brought him possible pleasure," continued the Professor, irritated by the nod, "there might be a 'Zwangsvorstellung' still."

"I should like that kind," remarked the exhausted judge.

The President brushed this incorrectitude aside. "We understand perfectly," he said. "The Court is much obliged to you. You have made your meaning very clear. There is only one more question I should like to put, after hearing your valuable evidence. How are you able to distinguish between a Compellant Perception and—and wanting to do a thing?"

"To reply satisfactorily to that question I should have to give you a three years' course of lectures in 'Psychiatry.'" (The indolent judge's crossed feet came uncrossed with a bang.) "You must permit me to declare that the distinction is, for the practised scientist, technically as unmistakable as—as—" (Everybody waited.)

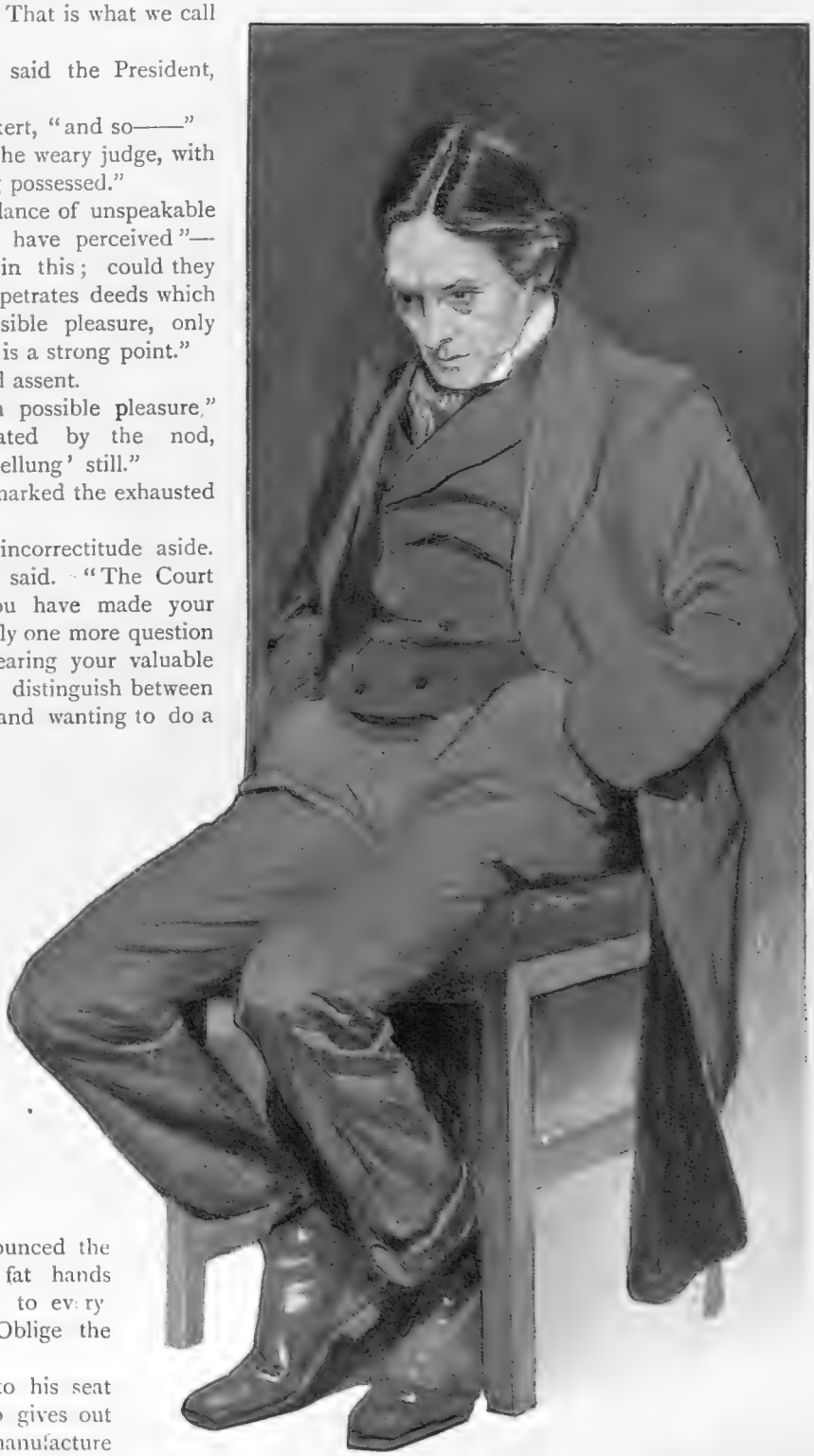
"As?" asked the hunchback judge, looking up from his breathless notes.

"As the distinction between a scientist and a fool," said Professor Geckert.

"Which would always," pronounced the presiding judge, folding his fat hands across his robe, "be palpable to every one. Certainly. Thank you. Oblige the Court by stepping down."

The Professor walked back to his seat with the air of a personage who gives out souls in the place where they manufacture babies. He smiled condescendingly, with a smile of proprietorship, at the apathetic young man, head on breast, in the dock.

When the Public Prosecutor rose to make his speech, everyone observed his anxiety. It was manifest that he had taken immense pains to study up his subject. He knew a great deal about the most recent clap-trap of suggestion and double personality and all the rest of it. He could quote authorities for and against, and he did so most conscientiously. He was interested in the wretched young prisoner; he sympathised with him, and still more with his unfortunate parents. Deputed to attack, he endeavoured to find out whatever he



Sunk in apathy, detached from all around

could on his behalf. He was really, at times, quite plausibly scientific. The Professor sat in the front row, listening attentively, with that condescending smile fastened down upon his face.

"But, mark you," cried the Public Prosecutor, "this youth, who acts under an irresistible impulse, can select his moment for action, and even his victim. He does not run wildly amuck, without an instant's delay, when the fit seizes him, slaying blindly right and left, as men do in Eastern climes. Nor does he—as in a famous case—too famous in literary history—strike madly, immediately, when resistance to the long-checked craving becomes suddenly no more possible, slaughtering what is nearest to him and dearest—to weep ever after, the madness having spent itself, over his agonised loss. We are asked to believe that there are men and women among us, sane as we ourselves, who *cannot* resist the wish to kill their fellow-creatures, even though they *can* walk about for weeks seeking a favourable opportunity of doing it, and putting off their action when they discover a sudden risk of detection, or when the possible victim proves a man, for instance, who might possibly show fight. Why did this unhappy youth, when the Zwangsvorstellung came upon him, not leap up and slay his own mother? If he had the strength to delay till he reach the secluded gardens, till children stopped playing round the corners, till men had gone by and a feeble woman came along, had he not the moral power to wait till that woman had passed also? No!" There was a terrible irony in the final outcry. The Professor sat smiling and shaking his head.

"So be it," said the Public Prosecutor. "There are such people. They must not be punished. And God forbid that we—unworthy punishers at best—should punish anyone whom we are not compelled to punish. But, at least, if we must not punish the non-guilty, we may protect the innocent. They who do such things can no longer move freely through the streets and squares of the city. They must be placed where, even when the impulse comes upon them, it cannot move them to do harm. The proper place for the accused, if not a prison, is at any rate an asylum. So much society owes to the family his action has devastated, so much it owes to itself. If the Court adjudges him irresponsible, I demand that he be detained in a lunatic asylum for the rest of his life."

Before the proceedings terminated, Professor Geckert was recalled. The Court desired to ask him whether, having declared the accused irresponsible, he considered him insane.

"By no means," said the learned gentleman. "I think it would be an act of unwarrantable cruelty to lock up the poor young man in a lunatic asylum. I have said so, as you will have noticed" (again that slight sneer) "in my written report. He is perfectly sane and fairly intelligent. There is no reason why he should not become a useful member of society and live his life." Some eyes wandered to where, in her black clothes and utter forlornness, sat the little orphan child of the deceased. The Professor struck an emphatic fist into his open palm. "Why!" he cried, "by constant association with mad people, you might ultimately destroy the lad's brain!" He gazed in righteous indignation at the judges. "That would be an infamous thing!"

"Are you prepared to declare," asked the presiding judge, "that his consumptive—compulsive Perception will never return to him?"

"Most distinctly not. I mean I can declare no such thing. It very possibly may not return, and it very possibly may. Meanwhile, he is like other men. There is not even a trace of epilepsy."

"But if he were to meet you, Professor, when he next has the Zwangsvorstellung on?"

"I must take my chance with the rest."

The dreamy judge brought down his eyes from the ceiling: "You are a powerfully built man," he said.

The little hump-backed judge looked up sharply: "We should all go in danger of our lives," he squeaked.

"We all do," replied the Professor, calmly. "Always. We can none of us escape from a hundred risks of death. You travel in a dangerous train; you eat dangerous mushrooms; and you meet a man who may possibly murder you, and probably won't. The State cannot touch this young man, any more than it can touch a drunken father, or, still worse, a consumptive one. You must give him back to his parents. We all of us run risks from each other all day long."

"God in Heaven!" exclaimed the Public Prosecutor. But even that most improper utterance of emotion could avail nothing against scientific commonsense When the verdict came ultimately to be pronounced, it was found that the unwilling judges had not been able to resist the, practically binding, unanimous opinion of the experts. The prisoner was declared sane, but irresponsible. He was immediately set free.

A few hours after the publication of the verdict, while the news was spreading like wildfire all over the country, in the gentle gloaming of the tranquil summer evening, the Professor met the Public Prosecutor at a turn of the silent City Park.

"Dear me! What a coincidence," cried the Professor, and his whole face twisted into an audacious grin.

"Yes; a coincidence," said the Public Prosecutor. He didn't smile, but he walked beside the other and began to talk.

"You don't remember me," he said. "I was at the University with you. I am not sure whether we actually met. I was three years younger. Magin. Even then I remember what a name you had."

"Oh—ah—yes. I don't think I remember you," smiled the Professor.

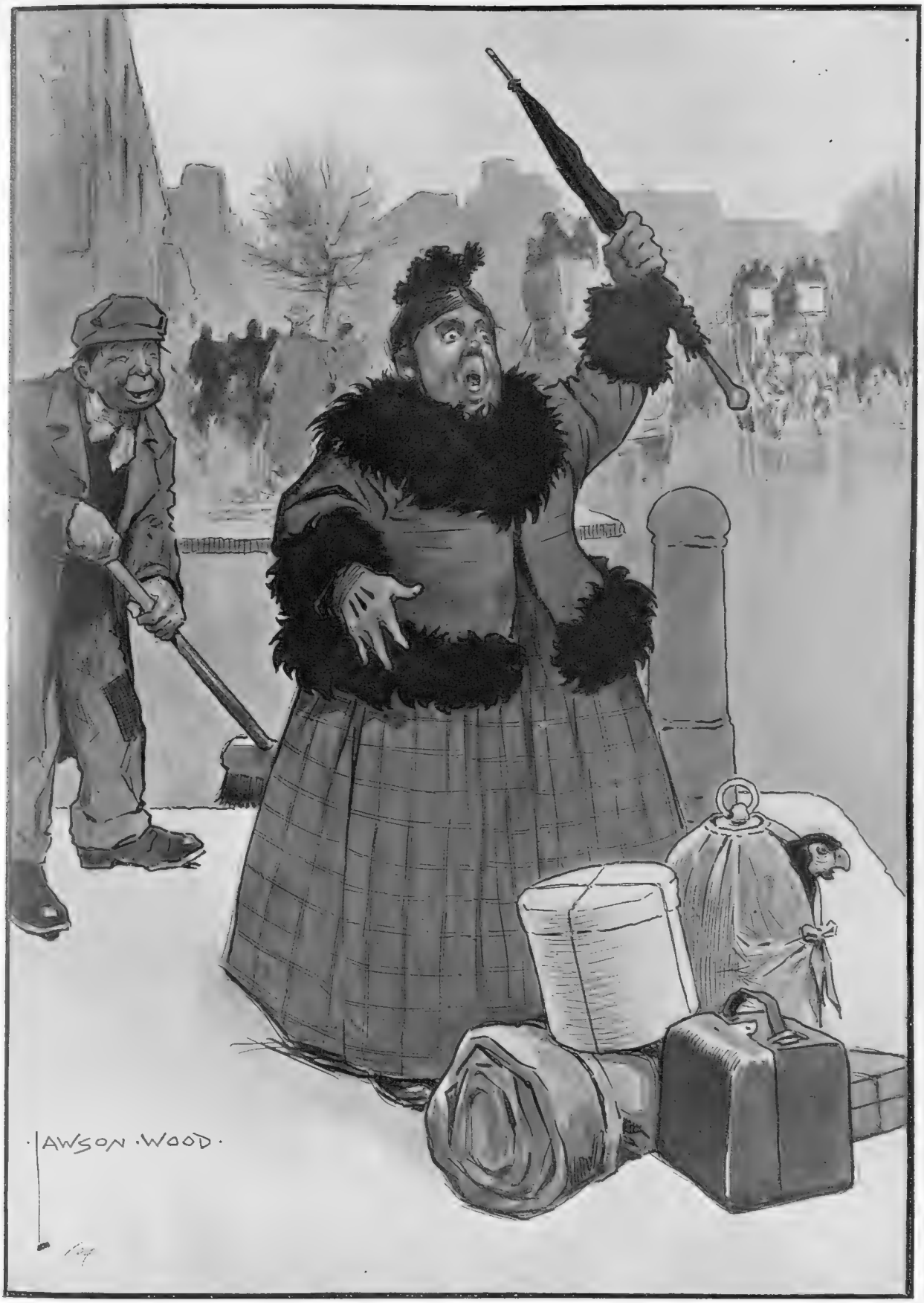
"Of course not. I have been much in the provinces, the humdrum life of a subordinate official in country towns. This was a great rise for me, this appointment as Public Prosecutor."

"I have no doubt, Mr. Magin, that you deserved it," said the Professor kindly.

"It is very good of you to say so; especially after to-day's experience. And this was my first great case. Well, I did my best."

"You did, indeed. Your knowledge of the subject was—ah—really quite praiseworthy. I was astonished to see you had read so much. But in these matters reading is a dangerous expedient. Science is an

(*Continued on page 138*)



Irate Old Lady: "There's no stoppin' these 'ere motor-'buses; give me a 'orse, I say"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

(Continued from page 136)

inexorable mistress, Mr. Magin; she demands the devotion of a lifetime."

"Yes," said the other man. "Shall we sit down here a bit?"

"By all means. My time is my own"—the Professor took out his watch—"for another half hour. Till my train leaves. In fact, I have nothing on hand till then. I walked out here"—he glanced round—"to see the spot where—dear me, another coincidence! I suppose it must be about here?"

Slowly he wandered away towards the station lights

"No, it is just round the corner. Do you mind sitting here?"

The Professor smiled his superior smile.

"What a curious question!" he said, and sat down on the white wooden bench, on a little slope, among poplars where the path twisted round under falling shadows, by a still little water-lily pond.

"The station is five minutes' walk from here," said the Professor. "How very quiet it is!"

"Very quiet," said the other man—the lithe, shrewd, unhappy-looking other man. He dug holes in the gravel with his walking-stick. "Very quiet," he repeated reflectively. "Very quiet."

"He hasn't much conversation," mused the Professor. "These law people haven't." And he wished it was time for his train.

"Strange things crop up constantly in your profession," began Magin. "An interesting one it must be."

"It is," assented Geckert, "most interesting."

"But for the risk of making mistakes."

"Science makes no mistakes," replied Geckert. He thought the other's remark, under the circumstances, in execrable taste.

"Of course not. I beg your pardon. Do you happen to remember, many years ago, the case of Miss Rading?"

"I cannot say, for the moment, that I recall it."

"Of course not. I beg your pardon. It was an unimportant one, I should say. A young lady of—oh well, why should we speak of the town? Her father came to the conclusion that she was out of her mind, and—she was locked up in a lunatic asylum."

"Not an unusual case," said the Professor. "Was she a relative of yours?"

"Oh no. By no means. Not unusual, as you say." He dug in the gravel. "When does your train leave, do you say?"

"In about half an hour."

"Indeed! Then we haven't much time Yes, it's long ago, and not uncommon, as you say. But the case interested me at the time. I came out here to talk to you about it."

"Came out here——?"

"Yes. Followed you, you know. I should like, even after this lapse of years, to have your opinion."

"But I tell you I cannot recall the circumstances," said the Professor, stiffly. "Were you

(Continued on page 140)

Dance and Dialogue

AN AMUSING TURN BY MR. HENRY WILLIAMS AT THE PALACE THEATRE

"Don't I think I look like a wax figure?"

"I'm going home at four o'clock in the morning"

Photos *Campbell-Gray*

"Must go across the stage somehow"

engaged in it professionally? Did you want her kept out, and did I get her put in?"

"You state the case exactly. Isn't it curious, considering our tussle of these last days? And we never came into contact during all the intervening years. Dear me, it must be nearly twenty years ago. We are both middle-aged men. Yes, I wanted her kept out, and you got her put in!" He laughed, but it wasn't a pleasant laugh.

"I remember the case now," said the Professor, a little uncomfortably. "It was one of my first. The young lady was suffering from hysteria. But I don't remember where you came in at all."

"I never came in. That's the odd thing. But I was behind the scenes all the time. An interested spectator. Oh, nobody more so. Interested! Good God!"

"What strong expressions he uses," thought the Professor; "sign of a weak personality."

"It was a case, as you say, of hysteria. That's what her father made it out. He objected very much to the form it took. She persisted in liking people he didn't like, you see. So they put her out of the way, for a year or two. It was you arranged all that. It was intended to be temporary, you know."

"A common form," said the Professor. "I had a case only last week. The patient went raving mad, all of a sudden. Incidental to the time of life. Usually a love story in it. And after a year or two they recover."

"Yes. It was intended to be temporary. She made it permanent—dashed her brains out against the wall."

"Dear me, I had forgotten that. It must have been a very bad case. But it's so long ago."

"Yes, it's long ago. A whole lifetime, practically. There's little before and there's nothing behind."

"What a tragedy!" said the Professor, smoothly. "Yes, as you remarked, we constantly come across strange things, so many that one loses count. But, honestly, I'm glad I saved that poor boy."

The other man lifted his gaze from his digging. "You ruined the girl!" he burst out. Then, at once, his voice dropped to its former sad drawl. "A curious case," he said, resuming his meaningless work "I can't help still thinking you were wrong. Why, anyone could murder anyone else, and say it was a 'Zwangsvorstellung.'"

"Science is never wrong. So they might. But there would have to be no reason for the deed."

"It might be that the reason never appeared."

The Professor smiled his smile, but weariness was in it. "There are many might-be's in life," he said, "more than we can count. I think I must be moving towards my train."

Magin flung himself round, suddenly, on the seat. "You have plenty of time," he said, almost in the other's ear. "Do you know, I loved that girl. I love her still. It was I that her father called her 'madness.' And she loved me. We were all in all to each other. I was quite poor. She was no more insane than you are. The father is long dead. No one knew of our love story but he and she and I. We are all dead. Only you live still and triumph. I fought you all these last weeks; I fought you fairly; I longed to triumph over you; you, with your damnable nonsense, have defeated me again! I don't care a cent about my career, but I would have given my soul's salvation to show you up in your mad talk about the mad."

The Professor, spluttering, tried to rise; the other suddenly thrust him down.

"One moment! When a man kills another from an irresistible impulse—then, if nobody can find a reason for that impulse—the man isn't responsible, you see!"

"Unhand me, sir!" exclaimed the Professor, fighting his way up. "Your preposterous theory——" He got no further; without another sound he collapsed. His assailant had pierced with a pen-knife, exactly as in the case of Louis Morans, an artery in his neck. The Public Prosecutor glanced round rapidly upon the silent trees in gathering shadows, upon the shiny lilies of the glowering pond. The place was dark, and soundless and deserted. He cast a keen look at the motionless mass upon the gleaming bench, and then, slowly, he wandered away towards the station lights. MAARTEN MAARTENS.

The Prince and Princess of Wales in India: Dhirzees (tailors) engaged upon work for their Royal Highnesses

By Field, Stream, and Covert

The Resignation Month

January is the month in which Masters of Hounds who wish to be relieved of the responsibilities of office usually hand in resignations to their respective Hunt Committees, thus giving them ample time in which to cast around for a successor. The causes of changing Masterships are many and varied. Increasing age and the feeling that one can no longer do justice to a position which makes great calls upon one's time and store of activity may be quoted as one frequent reason. Another is the increasing attention which sometimes must be devoted to business matters, leaving little margin for work with hounds, either in the kennels or in the field. Then, again, ill-health is occasionally the unhappy reason for the retirement of a M.F.H., while perhaps the most frequent cause of all, though naturally enough the one we hear of least, is the unsuitability of the Master for the work he has undertaken. The command of a fox-hunting country cannot be successfully filled by any sportsman who aspires to the dignity which in most cases indubitably attaches to the office. Mere wealth or social eminence, while to a large extent helpful to the average M.F.H., are of little avail if his sporting instincts are not right, or if he lacks in good-fellowship and tact when dealing with the farmers, landowners, covert-owners, and subscribers. Nobody in a hunting country is so much the centre of criticism as the M.F.H., and especially is this the case when he happens to hunt his own hounds. In one important country last season hopeless friction arose between the Master and his subscribers on the question of hunting the pack. It was suggested that he should employ a professional huntsman; but having hunted hounds himself in different parts of England for many years, the Master refused point-blank to entertain the idea, and the inevitable result was a change in the management of affairs.

Photo *Miss F. Agg, Cheltenham*

The Cotswold Hunt Runner

Most Hunts have a runner, who regularly follows the pack on foot. The Cotswold runner is now mounted, and with his terriers is always handy when a fox is marked to ground

Some Impending Changes

When one considers the many obstacles which bestrew, nowadays, the path of the average M.F.H., it is a matter for wonderment, not that the changes every season are so numerous, but that they should be so few. Between twenty and thirty is the annual average of gaps in the leadership of foxhounds and staghounds, which is by no means alarming for a total of 220 packs. Doubtless, we

Photo *J. T. Newman, Berkhamsted*

The Old Berkeley (East) at Champneys: The pack and hunt servants

These hounds have been under Mr. Webber's leadership since 1891

Irish Hunts No. 6.—Earl Fitzwilliam's

Major Richards, a well-known follower of Earl Fitzwilliam's

shall hear of a good many impending changes during the next few weeks, but at the moment of writing the resignation list is pleasingly small. Mr. C. R. Mills gives up the Worcestershire, and Mr. Charles McNeill is leaving the North Cotswold Hunt. Of these two countries, the latter is certainly to be preferred, and I understand that the Hunt Committee has quite an *embarras de richesses* in the shape of offers from sportsmen ready to take up the duties which Mr. McNeill has so ably fulfilled. In the North of England, the Mastership of the Percy Hounds is likely to fall vacant at the end of the season owing to the ill-health of Mr. Alex Browne, of Callaby Castle, who, only a few weeks back, was assisting at the presentation of a handsome testimonial to one of his predecessors in the command of the pack, Mr. Richard Burdon Sanderson. But Mr. Browne has now been ordered to give up hunting and to go abroad by his medical advisers, and is selling off all his horses at the end of the present month. One more impending change has been announced up to the present, and that in Ireland. I refer to Baron de Robeck's resignation of the command of the "Killing Kildares," the reason here being the pressure of business duties. Another change must also be alluded to—though happily it does not entail a resignation — namely, the acceptance by Lord Charles Bentinck of the joint Mastership of the Blankney. He will take over some of Mr. Edgar Lubbock's responsibilities, but in view of the fact that he is to hunt the hounds, his attention will be pretty much occupied, and it will be left as hitherto to the senior Master to keep the field in hand.

Mr. Dermot Doyne, Acting-Master of Earl Fitzwilliam's and Island Hounds

A Boxing Day Meet

The Londoner or, for the matter of that, the countryman, who has never been present at a holiday meet of hounds in a provincial town, will secure an excellent idea of the scene from our illustration showing the Cotswold Hounds at Cheltenham on Boxing Day. The meet was in front of the Queen's Hotel, and a veritable multitude assembled to see the hounds with the hunt servants, in picturesque scarlet and white, take their place in the open space between the two cannons captured at Sebastopol fifty years ago. Our picture was taken from one of the windows of the hotel overlooking the Promenade, and shows the riders moving off for the first draw at Queen Wood.

Mrs. Doyne, wife of the Acting-Master of Earl Fitzwilliam's Foxhounds

The Irish Pack Hunted by Lord Fitzwilliam

Lord Fitzwilliam's Irish hounds have been showing some excellent sport this season, and four days a week have been found not too many for the tremendous tract of country they now have to cover. When that grand old veteran sportsman, Mr. Robert Watson, gave up the Carlow Hounds two years ago, most of the Island country reverted to Lord Fitzwilliam, and the pack rejoices this season in the new title of the Lord Fitzwilliam's and Island Hounds. On several occasions this season the Master has put in a few days with the Irish pack, though the family pack in Yorkshire also calls

Mr. J. P. Murphy (Earl Fitzwilliam's)

Lady Eileen Stopford at Earl Fitzwilliam's Foxhound meet

Photo *H. G. Swiney, Cheltenham*

A Boxing Day Meet: The Cotswold Hounds in front of the Queen's Hotel, Cheltenham

r attention. During the Master's absence, the mmand is held by Mr. Dermot Doyne, whose ily is related by marriage to the Fitzwilliam's.

The O.B.H. (East)

In spite of the increase of tame partridges, as a result of which foxes have unfortunately fered in some portions of the country, Mr. R. B. bber contrives to show good sport to those who t with the Old Berkeley (East) Hounds. When nds do find a good fox they can hunt him with rare h and persistency, and this they evidenced after eir meet at Whelply Hill last month. One of the st runs of the season was provided by a Westbrook fox, and assisted now and again by Mr. Webber hounds were hunting continuously for two hours and thirty-five minutes, finally running their quarry to ground in Beechen Grove. Mr. and Mrs. Webber, Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, Miss Dugdale, Miss Wilbraham, and scarcely a dozen more, were with them at the finish, and all the horses were completely done. Just before Christmas, these hounds met at Champneys, near Tring, where the field was heartily welcomed by Mr. and Mrs. A. Marc A. W. C.

[*We regret that we are unavoidably compelled to postpone, until next week, illustrations of the Meath Hunt.*]

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11*d.*, or 3s. post free.

Photo *J. T. Newman, Berkamsted*

Meet of the Old Berkeley (East) Hounds at Champneys, near Tring, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. A. Marc

Who are seen in the illustration with the Master (Mr. R. B. Webber) and their house-party

The Library

BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"The Prevention of Senility." By Sir James Crichton-Browne. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Life in Morocco." By Budgett Meakin. (Chatto and Windus: 12*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Secret Kingdom." By Frank Richardson. (Duckworth: 6*s.*)

"With Flashlight and Rifle." By C. G. Schillings. (Hutchinson: 24*s.* net.)

"The Prevention of Senility" is not an inspiring title, and one hardly expects THE BYSTANDER reader, intent on whiling away a random hour, to buy such a book in place of "The Sands of Pleasure" or "Jules of the Great Heart." Yet, in an age when "too old at forty" is the cry, it is a relief to be assured by so eminent an authority as Sir James Crichton-Browne that the Psalmist's span no longer holds good, and that the limit of age may now be fixed at one hundred This is all very well, but one feels with Dr. Johnson, when he jumped on the niggling Boswell with the remark:—"What, Sir, would you know what it is to feel the evils of old age? Would you have the gout? Would you know decrepitude?" And this catalogue might be lengthened, but that such reflections do not tend to develop cheerfulness and optimism. At last, however, comes our great physician and throws a bombshell into the controversy. Sir James Crichton-Browne writes with a pretty literary touch, and by carefully skipping paragraphs devoted to "phagocytes," "macrophags," and "hypertrophied connective tissues," the reading of this little book (which contains another essay under the still more fearsome title of "A Sanitary Outlook") will give quite a pleasant sensation. It offers no hope to the *roué* or the "light o' love" of sixty, and is, perhaps, not to be despised on that account. But those who in youth did not—

. . . . with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility

may, perhaps, by its perusal, be enabled to forego the use of hair restorer for a few years. Messrs. Macmillan publish the book, and the price is half a crown net.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Mr. Frank Richardson

The author of "The Secret Kingdom," and other (more or less) historical romances, in outdoor attire. Mr. Richardson owes his fame largely to whiskers (other people's) and wit (his own)

"The bazaars of Damascus and Constantinople have given way to plate-glass, and nothing remains in the nearer East to rival Morocco." Thus Mr. Budgett Meakin in "Life in Morocco" (Chatto and Windus: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), an entrancing book, written, as the result of ten years' personal experience in the country, by a writer who has always "heard the East a-calling" since the day he first set foot in Barbary. "Nothing," he says, "excels Morocco in point of life and colour save Bokhara"; and all through his book Mr. Meakin insists on this aspect. It is the daily life of the people, their home-life and occupation, their customs and ceremonies, which are described with evident enjoyment by the author. "Those yelling, struggling crowds of boatmen, porters, donkey-boys; guides, thieves, and busybodies; clad in mingled finery and tatters; European, native, nondescript; a weird and incongruous medley"—pictures are drawn of them all. As to picturesqueness, here is the dress of the men:—

> No garment is more artistic, and no drapery more graceful, than that in which the wealthy Moor takes his daily airing, either on foot or on mule-back. Beneath a gauze-like woollen toga—relic of ancient art—glimpses of luscious hue are caught—crimson and purple; deep greens and "afternoon sun colour" (the native name for a rich orange); salmons, and pale, clear blues. A dark blue cloak, when it is cold, negligently but gracefully thrown across the shoulders, or a blue-green prayer carpet folded beneath the arm, helps to set off the whole.

G. F. J.

We have travelled far to reach Mr. Frank Richardson's "Secret Kingdom" (Duckworth: 6*s.*). It is a society novel, which dares to make mockery of society, and it seems but yesterday that it was said, with the air of scriptural authority, by an Algy, in some play or another, to a Reggie, "don't make fun of society; only those who can't get into it do that" Now, nobody shall say the latter of Mr. Frank Richardson. As soon say that a lion cannot get into his native jungle, a crocodile into the Nile, or Mr. John Burns into Battersea. Mr. Frank Richardson is not merely in society, he is right in—a "rover," a life-member, proprietor, founder, or anything else you may like. That *he* should make fun of it means that there must be something in it to make fun of, and we have travelled a long way forward when a writer sets forth to prove that. To do Mr. Richardson justice,

one should be short. One can be nicer short, and Mr. Richardson likes nice comments, because he has caught and preserved several score of them, and inserted them (with comments) as an appendix to "The Secret Kingdom." We, therefore, beg to state —with an eye to similar quotation—that "The Secret Kingdom" seized upon us from the opening. Its slapdash wit, its bland irreverence, its general naughtiness, its phenomenal absurdity, *and* its strong whisker interest, enabled us to pass many agreeably explosive hours. It can be detected on a bookstall at any distance, up to 100 yards, by its weird cover—black, red, and yellow, in the centre of the red stripe of which is a design of something which might be a compromise between a mad mitre and a crazy coronet.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

The U.S. Under Observation

It is to be hoped that the very brilliant and not always very merciful gift of wit that belongs to "John Oliver Hobbes," who is lecturing in America just now, is not going to be given too free play in the book of impressions of the United States that she is said to be intending. Not that I have any objection to Americans being told the truth; but it is sometimes bad for business to annoy them, as Dickens found out when "Martin Chuzzlewit" temporarily closed American hearts to him and his work. Possibly Mr. Fred Benson has found it out too, since he gave us in "Mammon and Co." a picture of the smart society of modern New York that is almost as unsparing as Dickens's treatment of the Americans of a simpler day. Personally, I find both these attacks most entertaining; and Mrs. Craigie's views on the same subject, however strong, would certainly be charming reading for our side of the ocean. It is possible, however, that in the delivery of a course of lectures on Dante, Brahms, Balzac, Botticelli, and similar subjects, such as the lady is engaged in now, one would not be brought in contact with all that was most representative in American life

A powerful and full-grown leopard, snapshotted at midnight

(From "With Flashlight and Rifle," by C. G. Schillings. Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.)

"With Flashlight and Rifle"

The mighty hunter of to-day, *pace* Mr. C. G. Schillings, author of "With Flashlight and Rifle" (Hutchinson: 24s. net), no longer goes forth to the wilds of Africa to shoot great beasts, but to snapshot them. In place of the rifle, he plies the camera; in place of lead, the lens. The massive and elegant volumes in question introduce us to a new world. For the first time have we been presented with a splendid collection of plates taken by flashlight and daylight, of wild animals in all the magnificence of action. Each picture lives, whether it is a lioness dropping her prey in frightened flight; a giraffe out for a stroll, unconscious of the hidden photographer; a "rhino" drinking in a swamp; a leopard prowling at midnight (*vide* our photograph). The books give us such an impression of wild nature, both as evidenced by the camera and by Mr. Schilling's own vivid narrative, as it has not been our good fortune hitherto to enjoy outside fiction.

Election "Literature"

Probably such an idea never occurs to the political mind; but I, as a mere bookman, am sometimes struck by something comic in the use made of the word "literature" by

our warring parties. Just at present my house is full of "literature" kindly forwarded to me by a Socialist gentleman and a Tory gentleman—that is what they call each other—whose faces I have never yet had the pleasure to behold. Now I admit that the word is not easily defined: but since we are dealing with politics, surely both these open-handed distributors of printed matter will accept the definition given by one who is not only an eminent politician, but is at this moment a Cabinet Minister. In an admirable address delivered by him some twenty years ago, Mr. John Morley said:—

> Literature consists of all the books where moral truth and human passion are touched with a certain largeness, sanity, and attraction of form.

A Basketful of Abuse

Now I daresay I am all wrong about this, but I confess to finding it hard to bring the "literature" that has lately loaded my letter-box within the four corners of this definition. There is about a pound and a half of mixed "literature" in the waste-paper basket by my chair as I write. I fish out a leaflet, and find it beginning like this: "Will you support Mess, Muddle, and Make-Believe, Yellow Slavery, Little Loaves, and Big Taxes?" Another leaflet gives some extracts from speeches made by Mr. Chamberlain twenty years ago. I am not an antiquarian, and I cannot say they interest me. Another flings at me, in large capitals, the inquiry: "Are you out of work?" and proceeds to demonstrate that, if I am, it is due to the action of the late Mr. Cobden; while, if I am not, it is largely owing to the benevolent intervention of Mr. Balfour. Another contains poetry—a song beginning, "Do ye ken Joe C., with his 'Pay, pay, pay?'" Another is headed with the words, "Home Rule—Rome Rule." Another purports to give a list of what it describes as "Radical Lies"; the latter word being in very large capitals. None of them, in my judgment, are distinguished by "largeness (save in the matter of capital letters), sanity, or attraction of form." Most of them strike me as being the most poisonous rubbish on the face of the earth; but that is because I don't like to see grown persons squabble. If I did, it might seem quite right and natural that this stuff should be called "literature."

The First "Boom" of 1906

It is not every day that a journalist, however eminent, has a duke writing to his paper to contradict, in warm terms, what he has written in the course of a review; as happened on the appearance of the *Telegraph's* notice of Mr. Winston's Churchill's life of his father, Lord Randolph Churchill. It certainly was curious conduct for the reviewer to have said of a statesman whose wife and son are alive that he treated many of his friends "dishonourably" or "atrociously," and had "little regard for the truth." Two things seem to stand out with considerable clearness from the story told by Mr. Winston Churchill; and I do not know that they are things which it is prudent to insist upon in times when the public is being lashed into political enthusiasm. One of the things is that most political crises in home affairs are due to the quarrels of individuals. The other is that there is not, and probably never has been, such a thing as unity among the leaders of any great party. The book, which gives to the new Ministry the honour of the three most famous political biographies of our time (the "Gladstone" and the "Granville" being the others) gives an astonishingly vivid account of the meteoric rise to fame of the youth whose most intellectual amusement at Oxford (so the late Warden of his College once told me) was standing in the middle of the Mob Quad with a bag of oranges, and hurling them through the surrounding window-panes.

Carmen Sylva

The literary-poetic Queen of Roumania, whose "Suffering's Journey on Earth" (Jarrold) has just been translated into English by Miss Margaret Nash

"Carmen Sylva"

Royal personages nowadays are seldom, in real life, so interesting as Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, known everywhere as "Carmen Sylva." Romantic from childhood, her marriage with the young King of Roumania was planned as an ordinary match of State; but "Carmen Sylva" made a better business of it, and the two married for love. The authorised translation of her "Leidens Erdengang," which Miss Margaret Nash has made (Jarrold and Sons: 3*s.* 6*d.* net), is a very dainty production. "Suffering's Journey on the Earth" is the English title: and it suggests the spirit of the Queen of Roumania's literary work. "Carmen Sylva," is, to my mind, the most interesting literary phenomenon in Europe.

ECB

FLIGHT-NETTING

THE furious gale which prevailed towards the end of last week had the effect of driving thousands of wild fowl of all descriptions into the saltings, mud-flats, and creeks on the East Coast, and the sight, as flight after flight of ducks moved hither and thither along the dreary expanse of the great Friskney flat, was one that is not often witnessed. Along this part of the coast are to be found many of the flight-netters, whose *modus operandi* is clearly depicted in the accompanying pictures. Those whose nets escaped destruction by the force of the wind and sea have made unusually heavy hauls. These nets are set at right angles to the tide-line; they are made of fine dark-coloured twine, and are about thirty-six yards in length by six feet in height, and are loosely fastened to poles, projecting about seven feet above the level of the mud or sand. About twelve of these nets form the equipment of the flight-netter, and after such a gale as that which we have recently experienced, over two hundred head of wild-fowl of various sorts have been extricated from some sets of nets. Some of the choicer specimens of the birds taken in this manner are, if lightly injured, kept alive in pens for disposal to Zoological Gardens or private collections. Much interesting folk-lore concerning the Fenland district, may be gathered in a chat with the flight-netters, of whom Bray in particular is a most keen and observant naturalist.

Sport of the Past Week

By H. S. SCRIVENER

"What Went Ye Out for to See?"

There is all the difference in the world between a team of triers and a team of try-getters. The difference on Saturday at Richmond was 16 points to 3, and yet the New Zealanders, who were looking on, must have rather wondered how it was that Wales beat them. One is forced to the conclusion that the play of the Welsh team on Saturday was never particularly impressive, because it was never very highly tried. Throughout the match it was always an even chance that Wales would score, and it was an odds-on chance that England wouldn't, even though every man in the English team was a trier. England were never overrun, and yet they seldom looked like scoring. Even when they scored, Hudson's try was the outcome of a rather lucky piece of scrambling just before change of ends. In the second half they had the help of the wind, and yet it was Wales's score, and not their own, which was augmented. The heeling of the forwards was seldom quick enough to be effective, and when, in pursuance of older methods, they carried the scrums (as they sometimes did) it was only to prove that dribbling is a lost art by the way in which they either came away without the ball, or else followed it up in a bunch and impeded, rather than aided, each other's efforts. Two of them, Cartwright and Hammond, gave a brilliant example of the value of good, intelligent, hard-working forward play—but two is not enough. The backs, when they got the ball, seemed to have but one object in life, and that was to get rid of it A favourite method of achieving this object was to punt straight down the ground to Winfield, who was thus given many comfortable opportunities of enhancing his already great reputation as a reliable kick. But when he had done this four or five times it would hardly have been injudicious to try something else. The pass to the hopelessly marked man (another result of the desire to get rid of the ball), as well as the cancerous, or sideways, method of progression, were other features of the English back play. Raphael, as might be expected, showed some individuality in attack, but the luck did not favour him. He was always on the ball, and would have gained a try on the one occasion in the second half when Winfield was really bustled, if the ball had not happened to bump away just out of his reach. But his defence, though he worked like a horse, was marred by a tendency to collar high, which caused him to make several bad misses. Jackett fielded and kicked almost as well as Winfield, but he had an anxious time all through, whereas the comparative lightness of Winfield's job was proved by the fact that he left the field looking almost as fresh and as clean as when he entered it. With regard to the two English halves, the wish that naturally occurs to one is that they were not quite so small. For their size they did well enough, and the smaller one was the better. But inches and weight (within limits) are an important factor in Rugby football. The Welsh forwards were cleverer at getting the ball and heeling in the scrums than their rivals, but in dribbling they were about equally clumsy. The play of the Welsh backs was intelligent, resourceful, and quite good enough to

International Rugby: Wales (16 points) v. England (3 points), at Richmond last Saturday

The victorious Welsh team having a spell at half-time

win; but there was nothing phenomenal about it, nor must it be forgotten that two of their tries were doubtful ones, while another was a present from Jago.

At It Again

The keen Rugger man is never out of harness for long. We have all been saying how tired the New Zealanders must be of the game, and yet McGregor, Mynott, and Seeling were playing for Gloucester *v.* Leicester on Saturday, and helped their side to a 21 points to nil victory.

A Squeak for the Casuals

One of the best of the London Cup ties played on Saturday was Casuals *v.* West Norwood at Tufnell Park. Owing to the twelve-mile limit, the Casuals can never play their best team in this competition (which they have never yet won), and it looked at one time as if their hash was again settled, for in the first half, with the wind and the slope in their favour, they failed to score, and in the second Norwood were very soon two up, the first being shot by Fitchie at close range, and the second by Littlewort. But soon after this, Cooke, who had previously saved several hot shots from V. F. Ward and Alexander, allowed quite an easy one from Drake to slip through between his legs. This little bit of luck spurred the Casuals to further efforts, and good work by V. F. Ward, Drake, and McIver ended in a fine left-foot shot by the last-named, which brought the scores level, and then, after another attack which McIver failed to turn to account, E. S. Ward put on the winning goal for the Casuals by a brilliant single-handed rush. Luker's back play throughout was magnificent; King was hardly as good as usual, except towards the end; but H. P. Westby, the Casuals' emergency half, acquitted himself with credit. For Norwood, Smith and Fitchie were very good, and Littlewort proved a most useful half, feeding his forwards well. It was a real hard game, and at the same time a perfectly fair one, only two fouls being given in the course of it. Another good London Cup match was Old Westminsters *v.* Old Malvernians at Leyton, which the latter won by 3—1. The Old Carthusians play the Old Westminsters in the Dunn Cup next Saturday, and on this form should win —that is, if they can raise as good a team as that with which they beat the Old Malvernians before Christmas.

Ladies' Hockey: Surrey v. Sussex at Surbiton

Won by Surrey by 3 goals to nil. The player intercepting is Mrs. Armstrong (Surrey). On the left of the picture is Miss E. G. Johnson (captain of England). In the centre background is Miss C. M. Wilson (Surrey)

The Hockey Field

The Surrey Ladies' Hockey team, on January 9, continued their victorious career by beating Sussex at Surbiton by 3 goals to nil, scoring twice in the first half and once in the second, but it was a pretty close game for all that, and the Surrey forwards did not have quite so much their own way as they generally do. The experience of Miss E. G. Johnson, and the quickness and accurate hitting of Mrs. Armstrong, furnished an illustration of the value to a side of good half-back play, and had much to do with Surrey's victory. The most noteworthy things about Saturday's results were that Staines only managed to make a draw of it with East Sheen, and that Kew (who the week before achieved a draw with Ealing) beat Molesey.

Golf Notes and Notions

Points for Reformers in 1906

I feel somewhat like a Member of Parliament who brings in an annual motion year by year in once more calling attention to certain reforms which I hope some day to see carried out. Like the importunate widow of the parable, I hope to wear out opposition by persistency. First and foremost, I would wish to see an alteration in the rule about casual water on the putting green. The wise and equitable solution of the difficulty proposed by the Rules of Golf Committee was rejected by the Royal and Ancient Club at its Autumn meeting in 1904. That proposal aimed at the abolition of the present rule whereby a player, when his ball is in casual water on the putting green, is forced to drop it, without penalty, behind the water. The objections to this method of procedure are too obvious to require pointing out. The Rules of Golf Committee wished to enable the player to drop his ball at the side of the casual water, but not nearer the hole than its original position, or, if casual water intervened between ball and hole, to permit the player to drop his ball at the nearest point to its original position (but not nearer the hole), which would give him a putt at the hole free from any intervening casual water. This strikes me as an eminently reasonable solution of a vexatious little problem, one which reformers should bend their energies to secure. The casual water rule would then be a logical whole, whereas now it is neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring.

After the Holidays

TOMMY (*miserably*): "This time last week!"

To Deal with Casual Water

There are, it seems to me, only two ways of dealing with casual water; either to treat it as a hazard, and make the player play the ball where it lies, or drop and lose a stroke as in the case of ordinary water hazards, or to rule it completely out of the category of hazards in the manner suggested by the Rules of Golf Committee. Personally, I should be quite content with either of the above alternatives, but I do most strongly object to half-hearted tinkering with the rules, such as that which has given us a rule about casual water, which is an illogical absurdity. In close connection with my foregoing remarks comes the next item of my reform bill, in the shape of an alteration of the business meetings of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club. I went into this matter very fully, in an article in *Golf Illustrated*, at the beginning of last year. Shortly put, my aim is to separate matters affecting legislation of the game from those purely local concerns which only affect the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, or the local rules of St. Andrews links. I would have all matters of general policy, such as alterations of the rules of golf and other questions of general interest, dealt with, not at the ordinary business meeting, but at a special meeting to be held in the same week as the ordinary business meeting, but on a day subsequent to the medal day, and at an hour when all members could attend without any interference with the hours of play. Members would then have no distraction, such as the coming medal competition, to divert their minds from their duty as legislators of the game. Others may be able to point out a better way than mine to achieve the object I have in view, but so far I have seen no other plan suggested which can be carried out as easily and smoothly as the one I have indicated.

A Reform for the Open Championship

May my words fall on fruitful soil, and cause some bold member of the club to propose this small reform, which, to my mind, is essential if the Royal and Ancient Golf Club is to carry out effectually and ably those duties which the general consent of the golfing world has imposed on it. My next point is the introduction of match play into the Open Championship. Each year sees an increasing volume of entries for both Championships, and, judging by the statistics of the number of clubs and players added year by year to the goodly number already existing, we are not likely to see any diminution in the entries for both events, either this or any year. Numbers, I take it, will do what arguments and reasoning have hitherto failed to effect. A reasonable and logical solution of the difficulty would be to begin both Championships by a scoring test, and then to play the second stage by match play. The question of the numbers of players, whether thirty-two or sixteen, who should be chosen by the scoring test to fight out the match tournament, can easily be settled by the authorities governing the two Championships. If this plan were adopted we should have a real champion emerging from both Championships, for he would have proved his powers in both departments of the game, scoring and match play. Finally, I reiterate my plea for a Gentlemen and Players' fixture which would benefit the play of the amateurs, promote and perpetuate the good feeling between the two classes of players, and give us a standard by which we could gauge their respective merits as golfers.

Ernest Lehmann

Golf at Sunningdale

PRINCE ALBERT IN A FOURSOME

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Bottom Row (*left to right*): Dr. W. G. Grace, Prince Albert, and P. J. de Paravicini
Top Row (*left to right*): G. W. Beldam, Eric Gordon, and E. Clarke

Prince Albert in a Golf Foursome at Sunningdale

An interesting foursome was played last week at Sunningdale between Prince Albert and Mr. P. J. de Paravicini on the one side, and Dr. W. G. Grace and G. W. Beldam on the other. After a keen game the latter side won

Bridge: BY PROBLEMATICUS

THE PRIZEWINNERS OF OUR SIXTH COMPETITION ARE GIVEN BELOW

The Question of Luck

Two or three of the competitors in our present Competition have been very superior with me for advising a safe diamond declaration in Problem I. if you are playing in very bad luck. They urge that a problem is a scientific thing, and only pure, cold science should have anything to do with it. This would be all very well if bridge were a purely scientific game like chess; but it is not. Indeed, the element of chance enters so very largely into it, that you should watch your luck always, and when you have satisfied yourself that it is bad, contract the generous ardour of your declarations. You should also watch your partner's luck, for though, whatever you call, you have the right to expect an average hand from him, if he is playing in bad luck you will find in him a severe tendency to spread out Yarboroughs before your saddened eyes. For my part, I find that the main advantage that a good player has over a bad player is that he gains every possible trick and saves every possible trick, while the bad player fails to gain a trick here and fails to save one there. At the end of the year, when the balance is struck, it is these failures to make or save a trick here and there which have made it mount up against the bad player

The competitor whose *nom-de-guerre* is "Bulbs" sends me the following hand of a leader against a no-trump declaration, and raises the interesting question what is the best card to lead from it:—

♡ 10, 9, 6, 4.
♦ A, J, 3.
♣ 8, 7, 3.
♠ 9, 6, 3.

He contends that with such a weak all-round hand, and the long suit only 4 to the 10, the rule of leading from the numerically strongest suit should be ignored, and the 3 of diamonds led. To my mind, it is an open question. On the one hand, as he says, your partner returns your original lead from 4 and finds nothing, while in diamonds he finds possibly two tricks, and the 4 suit is still available for blocking. On the other hand, if you lead a diamond, you abandon the hope of making a heart, which you may very well do if you use your diamonds as cards of re-entry, to say nothing of their usefulness in enabling you to lead any good suit your partner may hold.

Answers to Correspondents

TAR WALLAH.—Yes.
V. B. H.—It is a No-trump call beyond a doubt.

Indian and Colonial Prizes

Special Prizes will be awarded to Indian and Colonial competitors whose solutions must necessarily reach us long after the date prescribed for sending them in. But these prizes will only be awarded to competitors whose solutions reach as high a standard as those of prizewinners in England in any given week.

Sixth Weekly Competition

PRIZEWINNERS AND SOLUTIONS

The 1st PRIZE, Two Guineas, has been awarded to:

Ernest Howard, Esq., Plympton House, Plympton, South Devon.

The 2nd and 3rd PRIZES, BYSTANDER Bridge Cases, have been awarded to:

C. N. Philpot, Esq., Dunsmore, Warlingham, Surrey.

C. E. Redhead, Esq., Walton Road, Aylesbury.

EIGHT WEEKS' COMPETITION. — The following are the marks gained by competitors for their solutions of Problems XVI., XVII., XVIII., in our Eight Weeks' Competition:—

15, Caermol, Cardinal, Dunsmore, Jan I., Moth, Norlands; 14, Kirkland, Pons, Watadam, Willimoteswick; 13, Anon, Auch, Betty, Binkie, Bridge of Sighs, Bulbs, Bunch, Corin I., F.B., Hes, Penbeacon, Scalpel, Ubique, Viking, Woffle; 12, Angus, Arzt, Bidian, Bird, Darkie, Dew, Dogger, Eblow, Edgbaston, Engineer II., Eveline, Ganmain, Hills, Horatio, Jock, Martyr, Mespil, Peter, Ranipet, Somerset, Summer, Temple, Trixl, Turquoise; 11, Alexander, Bunnie, Captain Cuttle, Cliff, Corin II., Cumtux, Dorcas, Fantôme, Hockey I., J.G.M., Lalla, Long Compton, Luppy, Norland, P.M.S., Snoodles, Stime, Sybil, Tom Tit; 10, Aga, Ap Twn, B.L., Chalet, Cherub, Chieftain, Erin, Fen, Imp, Jan II., Motorette, Mugwump, Nibor, Noxious, Occasional, Pelican, Percy, R.C.H.; 9, Belladonna, Black Diamond, Cherry Blossom, C.H.P., Falcon, Garrison, Historical, James, John Cotton, Kenneth, Minatur, Noel, Notloup, Primrose, Rusticus, Special Scotch, Travis, Trixie, Wantacas; 8, Cardata, Chicane, Isosceles; 7, Addie, Blue, Domine, Fluffy, Gazëka I., Gollywog, Noreen, Numeral, Otis, Rieton, Solon, Sunshine; 6, Bydand, Inu, Kithogue, Longbridge; 5, Joker, Mashie, Poultry, Ray, Tansan; 4, Austral, Kathleen, Pernox.

SOLUTIONS FROM INDIA AND THE COLONIES.

Donnington, 1st Competition, marks 13; Tar Wallah, Problems XIII., XIV., XV., marks 9.

SOLUTIONS

PROBLEM XVI.—In some copies of our issue of December 27, the 0 in 20-all refused to be printed—as many competitors noticed. The call is therefore—(1) Leave it, if the score is 2-all, since there is no reason for making a black declaration at the score. (2) Clubs, if the score is 20-all. You need three tricks in clubs to go out, and it is a strong club call. If Dummy is strong enough to call a red suit, or no-trumps, or a strong spade, you will go out in clubs; if he can only call a weak spade, you have made the best defensive call for the two hands.

PROBLEM XVII.—Leave it. There is no excuse for calling no-trumps on such a hand, since the odd trick puts your adversaries out, and you ask for strength in two suits from your partner. On the other hand, whatever your partner calls, you have a probable three tricks and a possible seven tricks for him.

PROBLEM XVIII.—Diamonds. It is a tempting no-trump call, with a king, queen above an average hand, three suits protected, and the fourth robbed of any great danger by your length in it. But, on the other hand, it is a safe, strong diamond call, and if your partner holds anything, you will score heavily below as well as the 48 above, which, at the score, should by no means be thrown away.

Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

To possess a motor-car just now, together with a patriotic spirit, suffices to render one a much-sought-after personage. And the patriotic spirit requires to be exceptionally strong to suffer the invasion of "Hodge" on a car noted for its immaculate appearance and unblemished varnish. I am not alone—indeed, have many companions in the affliction of facing a prospect which is assured of spelling damage to motors loaned in a spirit of patriotism to a favoured candidate.

The constituency that claims our personal aid is, alas! a town one, but, under pressure, I am prepared to face the music with a smiling countenace, though murder is in my heart. The nightmare that is ever with me is our car hung round with odoriferous East Enders, whose one momentary desire is a free spin.

But that the weightier matters of dress early demanded my attention, I might have taken up the question of woman's suffrage. Born and bred in Lancashire, one of my earliest recollections is of Miss Lydia Becker, the earliest, perhaps the ablest, advocate the cause ever possessed. A children's party recalls itself vividly, where Miss Becker and the late Dr. Pankhurst—father of the present agitator—relaxed so far as to join in an uproarious Sir Roger de Coverley with partners. In a vague sort of way, at the back of everything I venture, for lack of better, to call my brain, there is the profound belief that we women are very near the voting millennium. And when that moment comes, I will gladly carry as many of my own sex as the car I then possess will hold to the polling station. Perhaps, however, we may then be occupying sewing machines. One never can tell in these enlightening days.

Motoring Mems

I gather, from those who are especially interested in the matter, that efforts are being made to bring in an Arab style of motoring wrap, one of the chief decorations whereof is a hood of really practical order. The idea sounds attractive enough, and hints something exceptionally easy of adjustment, which is, after all, a leading essential of the really desirable motoring garment. Effected in some of the heavy white friezes or scouring woollens, the Eastern similitude would be complete.

In this connection, I am tempted to recall my advocacy months ago of the Kimono style of wrap, depicting the charms of a realised model in dark blue cloth that had replaced the one-time green embroidered satin covering to a *doublure* of white Persian lamb. In all my experience, and it is an averagely wide one, I have never encountered the equal of this wrap, either for sense or smartness, and am, in consequence, anxiously awaiting the advent of the Arab Burnous. Anything that tends to enhance an artistic appearance, when on the road, deserves the readiest consideration at the hands of all fair motorists. The article that I would most gladly see replaced is the motor veil. The ubiquity of that item is growing altogether impossible, now that the ladies from far-away Finchley and Upper Tooting elect to tie their heads up for a ride on a motor-'bus. As one fastidious motorist remarked to me, there is nothing to distinguish the motor-'bus rider from the possessor of a thousand-pound car, a position that is distinctly trying, not to say annoying, to the latter.

Coiffure à la Mode

I do pray, most ardently, we may have the courage of our convictions, and adopt the Parisian decree, which is universally admired, of the coiffure piled high up on the top of the head in soft *poufs* and curls. I remarked a perfectly dressed head, in the stalls at His Majesty's, the other evening, arranged after this lately approved style, with just a slight touch of exaggeration. That is to say, the height of the dressing was distinctly pronounced, and comprised a pell-mell of soft fair-haired *poufs*, tied round with a snood of pale blue velvet. Needless to say, the face beneath was pretty—more or less classical in contour—hence the daring of a slight exaggeration. Nor was it only the novelty of the arrangement that caused the eye to turn with relief from the more familiar and harder coiffures, which, of course, abounded; while there seemed to be a perfect epidemic of low dressings, with that hideous rolled pompadour, rendered harder and more inartistic by a line of combs.

It is a fact, by the way, that many women dress their hair solely with a view to meeting the exigencies of their hats. Apart from its *chapeau*, the coiffure is impossible, while in conjunction the two create a perfect *ensemble*. And it is impossible to over-rate the importance of the hat *en profile*. The procedure with the expert in millinery is to begin with the side, go on to the back, and pass the front with a glance.

Destined for the Riviera are some high-crowned hats composed entirely of gauged tulle. The shape of these is just slightly reminiscent of the old beaver coaching hats, and they represent one of those delightful incongruities which one admires without reason. Otherwise, just for the moment, the hard satin and velvet hat is inclined to carry all before it.

A Princesse Promenade Toilette

Exhaling the Riviera in its every elegant fold is this gown (pictured on page 154) of the new straw-coloured cloth, which is really our old friend "Champagne," under slightly different auspices. The little vest is of white silk, covered with a very faint spot of blue, a note of contrast that is repeated with equal delicacy in the Paradise plume decorating the plain *chapeau* of silk.

A Princesse Promenade Toilette

(*Drawn by K. Pleydel Young*)

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A Woman's Note Book

Oh the bribery of fair faces and the corruption of sweet smiles in this stern principled, enlightened land of ours! I wonder if these are any less potent than the grosser briberies of bygone days; or if pleading voices and sympathetic words hold their own against beer and half-crowns. Surely present methods are just as forcible, since the more substantial benefits were man's affair, while these subtler suggestions are woman's work—in a sphere where woman is in her element—first, because who is so artless as a woman, or so artful; who so enthusiastic, so adaptable? The proudest dame becomes sister and friend of all; the most distant butterfly of fashion is changed to one to whom humble workers can pour forth their troubles—all this in the interest of a *cause*, especially should that cause be a near one; perhaps, even, it is sitting at home by her own fireside, smoking its pipe with the happy assurance that its affairs are in the best of hands.

This is the woman's election—woman and the motor-car. The motor-car is an important second. If it is an intelligible vehicle, without cranks in its machinery, or objection to its way, what may it not do for the woman? It lands her here, there, everywhere with lightning speed, leaving hardly a pause for cessation in the smiles, till the labour of her facial contortions becomes hard work indeed. Therefore, let us hope Conservative ladies will never find themselves in Radical motor-cars given to conscientious breakdowns, and that the fair Liberals will not be whirled down hills at break-neck speed, past the humble dwellings of labouring men, by machines with undue leanings towards aristocracy.

It has been erroneously asserted that England is governed by her working-men. That this *might* be the case, if working-men chose to assert themselves, I will not deny; but as things stand, they do *not*. The labourers are far too lazy, and, strange to relate, they do not greatly care; they believe in a mechanical fate which will treat them well or ill, regardless of personal effort; and so, in the innumerable cases where they are not sure what policy will most favour their interests, they never take the trouble to find out. But women *do* care, and are not lazy. Supposing the franchise was considerably extended, and admitted not only women's suffrage to the head of a house, but to all—why, then there would scarcely be a dozen women in England who did not use their vote; while I suspect, if we knew how many votes *are* unused, we should be surprised.

No, if woman *had* it, she would, undoubtedly, use her right. But here comes the debatable point—*how* would she use it? I do not know, and I dare not guess. Would it be to please a father, husband, or friend; to further a brother's career; to spite a neighbour's wife; or even, alas, merely to assist the cause of the most handsome candidate whose portrait appears in an illustrated paper. But why be cynical—or, if so, why not be cynical all round. Do men always vote from a pure sense of duty; do *they* never think of personal advantages? I came across two people lately talking politics in an omnibus. "What do you think of Tariff Reform?" questioned one. "I don't fancy," replied the other, guardedly, "that it *could* affect *me* either way." So he was free to *think*; not so the other—*he* was tied by his business profits. And these were *men*.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: A DAINTY LITTLE DINNER

Natives Royales
Rice Cream Soup
Fillets of Sole à l'Italienne
Vol au Vent of Game or Fowl
Saddle of Mutton Seakale New Potatoes
Roast Pheasants Salad
Anchovy Cream Toasts

Rice Cream Soup

Take 1 lb. of loin of veal, ¼ lb. of Carolina rice, one onion, and two quarts of milk. Cut the veal into small dice and put it on to stew with the other ingredients, adding a little white pepper and salt to taste; then pass it through a sieve, when it should be of the consistency of rich cream. Re-warm the soup after straining, but do not let it boil or it will curdle. If more flavour is liked, a very small piece of lemon-peel, a little cut celery, and a blade of mace, may be added when the seasoning is put in. Should the soup be required richer, add the yolk of an egg and a little cream.

Fillets of Sole à l'Italienne

Bake the fillets for twenty minutes, lay them on a dish, and pour the following sauce over them: Mince two shallots quite small and fry them to a pale straw colour, add two or three mushrooms finely minced, a little chopped parsley, and the liquor in which the fillets were cooked. Let the whole boil for a quarter of an hour, add a little salt and pepper; melt a small piece of butter in a saucepan, and mix with it a little flour. Turn the sauce into this, let it give one boil up and it is ready.

Vol au Vent of Game or Fowl

Take some cold game and cut it into small dice. Take about a gill of good stock made from the trimmings of the game, and nicely seasoned with pepper and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put the meat into this, with a gill of cream, ½ oz. of butter, and a small tin of white mushrooms, chopped small. Stir until it boils and gradually thickens. Whilst cooking the game, a pie-dish should have been lined with short crust and baked. Pour in the mixture, garnish, and serve.

Anchovy Cream Toasts

Fry some thin sippets of bread, either round or diamond shape. Spread these with a little anchovy paste. Make a thick mayonnaise sauce, to which has been added chopped chervil, shallot or chives, and capers. Spread the sauce between the anchovy sippets like sandwiches, and serve with watercress or mustard and cress.

EMILIA.

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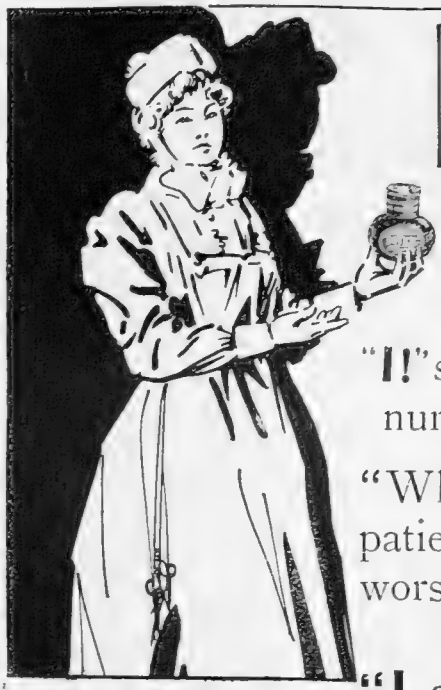


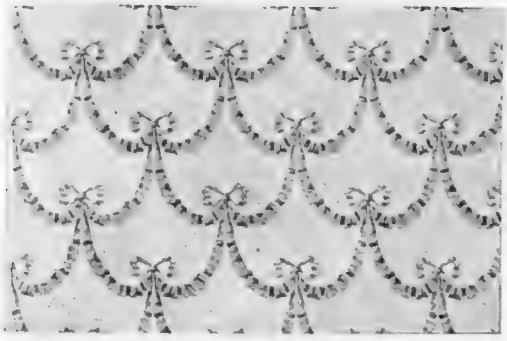
"I!" said the nurse;

"When my patient got worse—

"I said

Bovril"

ART WALL PAPERS



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AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Many More Motor-'buses

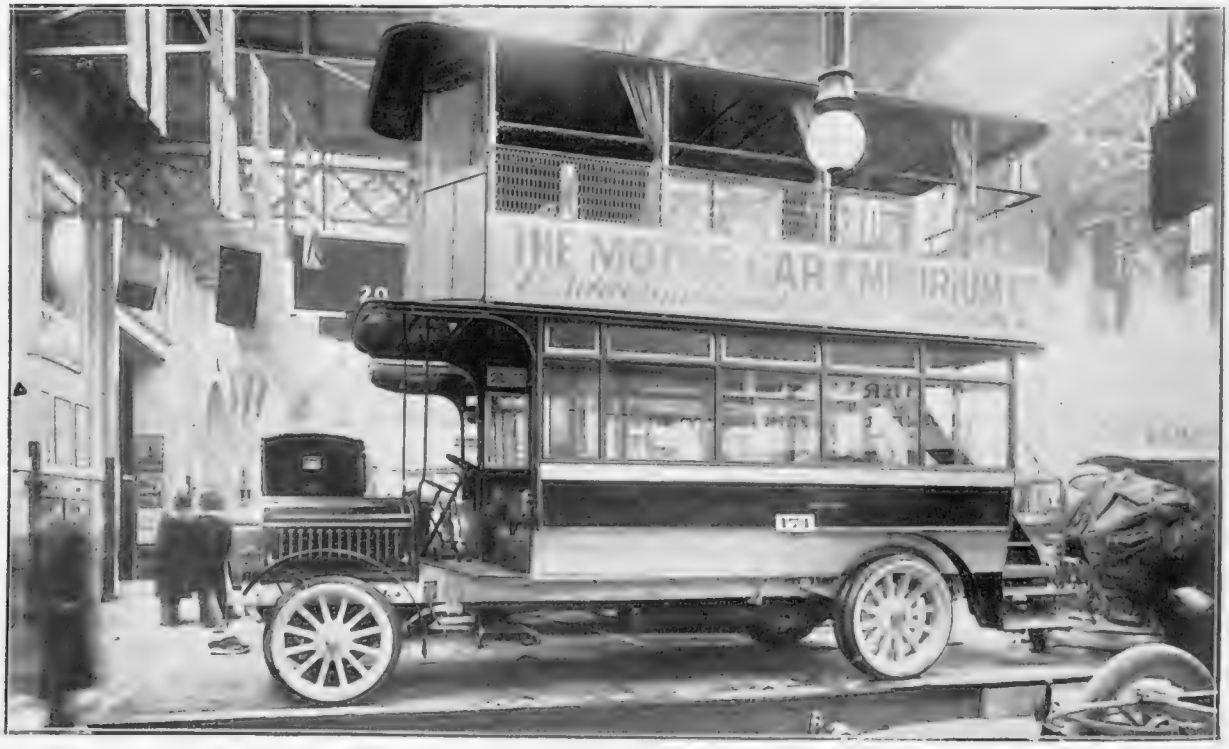
The makers of motor-'bus chassis are beginning to deliver. In a month or two, the Road Car Company hopes to have one hundred and fifty motors on the road. The Stars and Tillings are increasing their stock, and the London General will soon be in a position to put twenty-five vehicles a month on the road. This, of course, means competition. It is rumoured that the London General and its associated companies are to make war on the newcomers. The old companies who supplied us with the out-of-date two-horse, badly lighted rattle-box, of course, do not love the Vanguards and the Stars. These new companies forced their hand. Instead of being allowed to experiment with one motor-'bus or so for twelve months, and doing little but talk, the old companies have been compelled to hustle. They discovered that there is no monopoly on the London streets. The public, they were surprised to find, patronised the newcomers, and showed but little gratitude to the older companies whom they have endured for years. They now, apparently, propose to compete actively against them, to show their annoyance at their unnecessary and ill-timed appearance. Competition, fierce competition, will, of course, eventually arrive, and any company whose finance is weak, and whose management is extravagant, will eventually go to the wall.

Why Try and Kill Each Other?

It is, however, a pity needlessly to anticipate that period. Any combination amongst the older omnibus companies to fight the newcomers would be regrettable. If they must fight someone, it would be far more useful and better for their shareholders to fight their mutual enemy, the tram. Those who have spoiled our streets with tramlines used to laugh at the motor-'bus; latterly they have changed somewhat. The speed, the cheapness of running, the traffic elasticity of the motor are now apparent. Expensive tramway systems, frequently constructed at top prices, and burdened occasionally with secret commission, hardly seem able to bear this competition. Many municipal authorities, possessing miles of costly track, look with little favour on the motor-'bus. If they really want to get forward, all the existing motor-'bus companies, both old and young, had better make common cause against the tram. Run motors along the tram routes, and show the travelling public and the ratepayers which is the best public conveyance. The tramway people, it is said, wish to restrict the motor-'bus. They propose to have them rated, and to limit, by legislation, their routes. In plain English, this means that wherever the trams are run, no motor-'buses will be allowed. Because, if you please, the public prefer them. Weak, is it not? Before any legislation prevents them, the motor-'bus companies might well run their vehicles side by side with the trams, so as to prove thoroughly to the public which vehicle is the best.

Birkenhead and the 'Buses

A testimonial to the efficacy of the motor-'bus comes from the North. At Birkenhead, the Town



Photo] **Condemned by the Police: A motor-'bus with a covered-in top** *[Topical Agency*

Although tramcar companies are allowed to cover in the top seats in winter time, the police authorities have refused to allow the motor-'bus companies to make similar provision for their passengers

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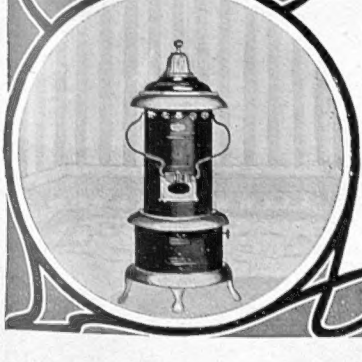

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Council are actually endeavouring to stop a service of motor-'buses. The story is well told in the pages of *Motor Traction*. At one time, the only way to get from Birkenhead to Liverpool was by ferry. The Birkenhead Corporation owned these boats, and the business was profitable. When the Mersey Railway Company built a tunnel and ran a three-minute service through it, the profit on the boats became a loss, the improved method of communication being appreciated by the public. Birkenhead's population has lately increased. Recognising that the country immediately at the back of Birkenhead wanted developing, the railway company have initiated a service of motor-'buses. Of course, before starting these 'buses the company applied to the Watch Committee of the Corporation for a licence. At first this was refused, but as it was found that legally they had no right to refuse it, the licence had to be granted; anyhow, for the time being.

A Corporation Endeavouring to Prevent Motor-'buses

But the Corporation mean fighting. They have decided to go to law, and are acting on the advice of Mr. Cripps, K.C. In putting their case, amongst other things, they claim that:—

The Mersey Railway Company's 'buses compete with the trams, which are claimed to be quite adequate in service.

The 'buses are a nuisance to health through the smell from the petrol. (!)

The running of the motors would mean an increased annual upkeep of Corporation roads of £2,000, besides a total loss of ferry and tram traffic equal to a rate of 4½*d.* in the £.

It appears that the first of the motor-'bus routes opened has, during its first week's running, decreased the tramway's returns in that district by £9. Now only three motors were running, and it is expected that when others are on the road, the trams and ferries will suffer to the extent of one-eighth of their respective revenues. This is unfortunate, but it can hardly be argued that because the tramways were first in occupation of the streets, the public are to be deprived of an improved method of transit, namely, the motor-'bus.

Wanted Free Trade in Road Transit

Tramway companies that take up such a position forget that they only occupy the roads because they are of convenience to the public. If there is any better methods of street transit than these light railways, we want it The tramway, with its disfiguring posts, its lines dangerous to other road users, and the frequency with which its rolling-stock blocks other traffic, has only been tolerated in the past because there was nothing better.

The present state of affairs at Birkenhead ought to be a warning to all municipal authorities. The capabilities of the motor-'bus and its public popularity must be taken into serious consideration by any public body which is preparing to pull up its principal streets and lay down tramlines. Tramway magnates have an extraordinary way with them: they seem to be able to persuade even the most independent Corporations of the wonderful advantages of their tramway schemes. Tramways are expensive things, they involve big contracts; when big money is spent there may be valuable pickings. But Corporations will not, in the future, prove so amenable to the wiles and blandishments of the tramway contractor, if the ratepayers cease to be so apathetic. It is notorious that the majority of the well-to-do take but little interest in their local government. The bigger ratepayer a man is, the smaller interest he generally takes There are still some towns which are not yet saddled with tramlines. Ratepayers in these favoured spots should take good care that, if better transit facilities are required, a service of motor-'buses is tried first. You can stop the service; motors are a marketable commodity—you can get a fair price for them. Trams are vast y different; you can't get much capital back by digging up a tramway track.

ALFRED C. HUNTER.

Messrs. Argylls, London, Limited, to-day advise us that in consequence of the delay occasioned their clients through the want of proper telephone connections, they have now two lines to 17, Newman Street, Oxford Street, London, W. The new numbers are 2641 and 2642, and anyone requiring the services of the London agents for the Argyll Car might specially note the alteration. In two months there will be room for 200 cars at the Newman Street premises.

Photo] **A 200 h.-p. Darracq at full speed** *[Topical Agency*

This car, propelled by an eight-cylinder motor, covered the flying kilomètre at 108 miles an hour. Like the Darracq which, with Hemery at the wheel, won the Vanderbilt Cup, it was shod with Dunlop tyres

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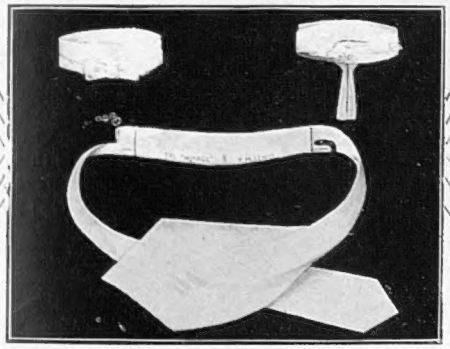

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Kodak Royal Exhibition

Our readers who are in any way interested in photography or artistic pictures should on no account miss visiting the gallery of the Kodak Company's branch, 115, Oxford Street, the manager of which has obtained special permission from Her Majesty the Queen and other members of our Royal Family to exhibit reproductions from a selection of their negatives. Her Majesty is represented by some twenty-five enlargements from small negatives, and prove what possibilities lie in a hand camera. Most of the subjects have not been previously seen in public, and include wonderful cloud and storm effects, Her Majesty having the true artist's eye for a picture, "Gathering Clouds," "H.M.S. *Ganges*," and a crowd in the Palace Square in Copenhagen, being, perhaps, the most striking. Of more personal interest are the Children of the Princess of Wales with Princess Victoria in the grounds at Sandringham, H.M. the King with Lord Suffield at Marlborough House, and "A Royal Fishing Party," Princess Victoria being faintly discernible.

H.R.H. Princess Victoria also shows some wonderful cloud and sea effects, "Sunrise in the Mediterranean" being, perhaps, the most striking, and one or two snapshots of the firing of a Royal Salute represent the smoke effects.

H.R.H. Princess Henry of Battenberg has contributed some studies of life in the Soudan, Princess Ena of Battenberg, with her brothers, Princes Leopold and Alexander, also adding their pictures. A view of the Palace at Khartoum, showing the spot where General Gordon fell, is of special interest, nearing, as we are, the anniversary of his death, while some views of the Temples carry us back to olden days.

H.R.H. the Duke of Orleans takes the visitor far North in the majority of his pictures, but also gives a glimpse of life in sunny Spain. Evidently His Royal Highness thoroughly entered into the life of an explorer when on his expedition to Northern waters, the atmospheric effects being very faithfully brought out in the enlargements made.

Apart from the interest attaching to the pictures, they are worthy of notice on their own merits, and the excellent enlargements show the quality of Kodak materials to best advantage. The Gallery is open daily from 11 to 5.30.

Concert at Queen's Hall

Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, is arranging a grand evening concert at the Queen's Hall on Monday, February 5, in aid of the Tweeddale Poor Women's Working Guild (Stepney Division of the Tower Hamlets). Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Miss Amy Castles, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. Alfred Kirby, Mons. Johannes Wolff (the violinist), Mr. W. H. Squire (the 'cellist), and Miss Marie Tempest, have generously given their services, and will appear on this occasion. Tickets and all information may be had from Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale, 4, Chelsea Embankment, S.W., and the usual agents.

Queen's Hall Orchestra's Symphony Concerts

The programme of the first Spring Symphony Concert at the Queen's Hall on January 20, though it contains no absolute novelty, opens with a work which is not familiar to the audiences of the Symphony Concerts. Bizet's Suite "L'Arlesienne" has, however, been gradually winning its way into the favour of the Promenade Concert public. Bizet's incidental music was written for Daudet's drama (which has been performed in English under the title of "The Love that Kills"), and two Suites for the concert platform were arranged therefrom. The Suite to be performed consists of numbers taken from each Suite. Mlle. Camilla Landi, who has rapidly become one of the most appreciated artists at the best concerts on the Continent, will be the soloist.

Enter John Wisden

The bright yellow face of John Wisden's Cricketers' Almanack for 1906 is a cheerful reminder that the cricket season is not so far off. Meanwhile, by dipping into the Almanack, we can live through some exciting moments in the past season. The necessarily brief record of the matches is sufficient to set the whole scene once more before our eyes. Memory plays round these reports in such wise that a single sentence will start a train of reverie. But the Almanack is a boon, too, to the practical man. "Wisden" is so complete that there is nothing pertaining to the game he is unable to find in its pages. Readers of THE BYSTANDER who are cricket lovers should not be without a copy of this Almanack, which may be obtained at all bookstalls, and post-free for 1s. 4d. from John Wisden and Co., 21, Cranbourne Street, near Leicester Square, London, W.C.

The Orient Express

The South Eastern and Chatham Railway announce a great improvement and acceleration of their services to Central Europe and the near East. A portion of the long-established Orient Express has, since January 5, started from Calais and runs daily in connection with the 11 a.m. service from Victoria. There will be no change of carriage between Calais and Vienna (32 hours from London), between Calais and Buda Pesth (37 hours from London), and between Calais and Constantinople (71 hours from London), and one of the new Turbine Steamers will cross daily from Dover to Calais in connection with this service in about 60 minutes.

The Penny "Observer"

The *Observer*, which is the oldest and most historic of the Sunday papers, is taking advantage of the General Election to come out at a penny. It is not, however, intended in any way to lower the tone or alter the style of the paper, which has recently, under its new proprietorship, exhibited notable enterprise. Its staff of regular contributors includes such names as Mr. Charles Whibley, Mr. Sidney Brooks, Mr. William Maxwell (who represents the paper at the Prince of Wales's Camp in India), Mr. Horace Hutchinson, and Mr. H. Massac Buist, and its service of foreign intelligence is unrivalled among the Sunday papers. A specially interesting feature of the *Observer* is its *fac-simile* extracts from its files of a hundred years ago, which are given in a detail not attempted elsewhere.

An Acknowledgment

The photograph of a scene from *Captain Drew on Leave*, published in last week's issue, was by the Dover Street Studios.

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